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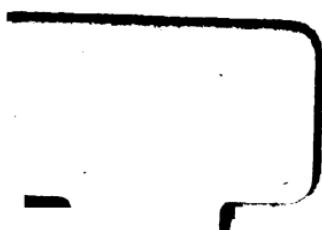
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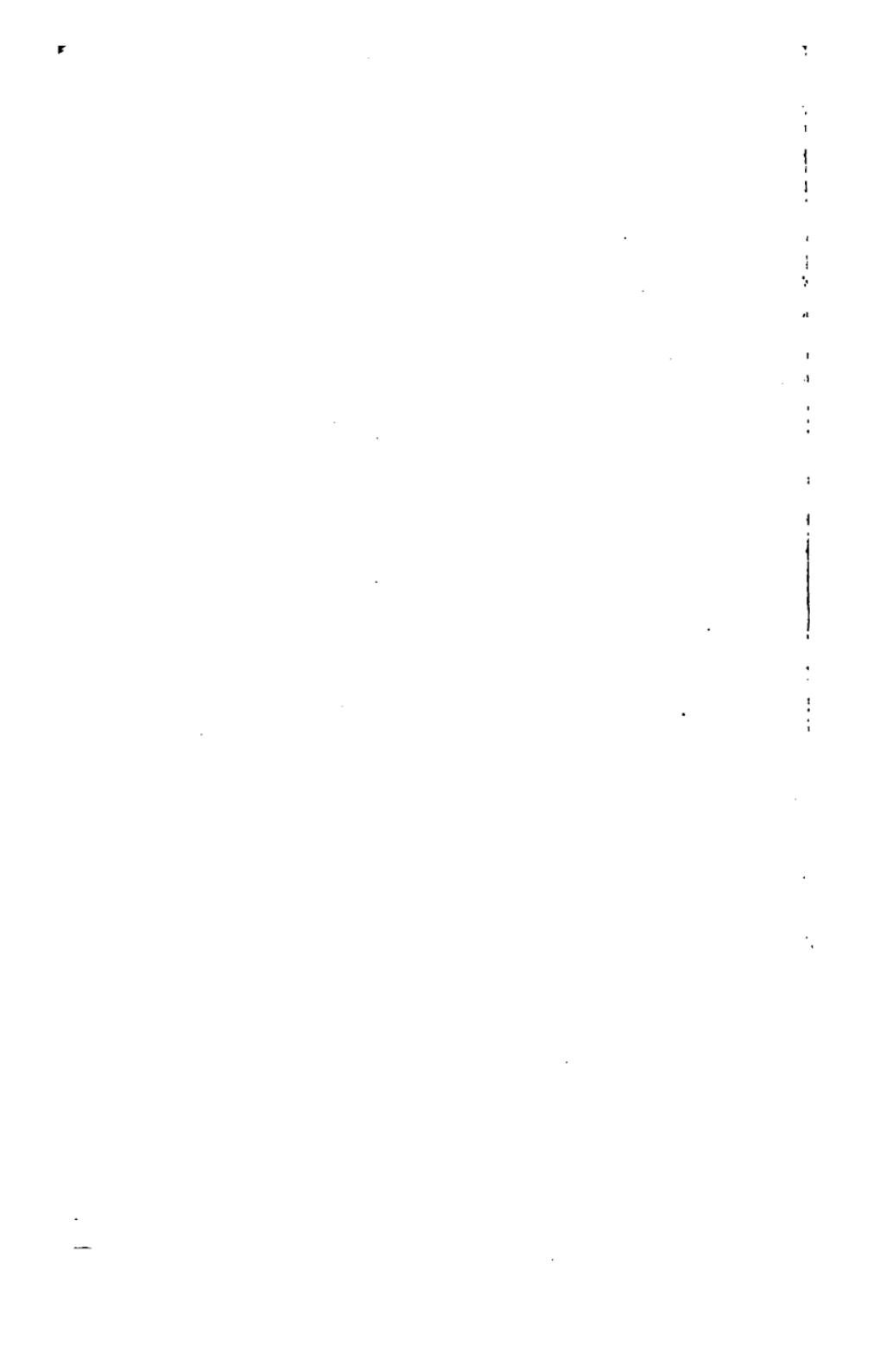
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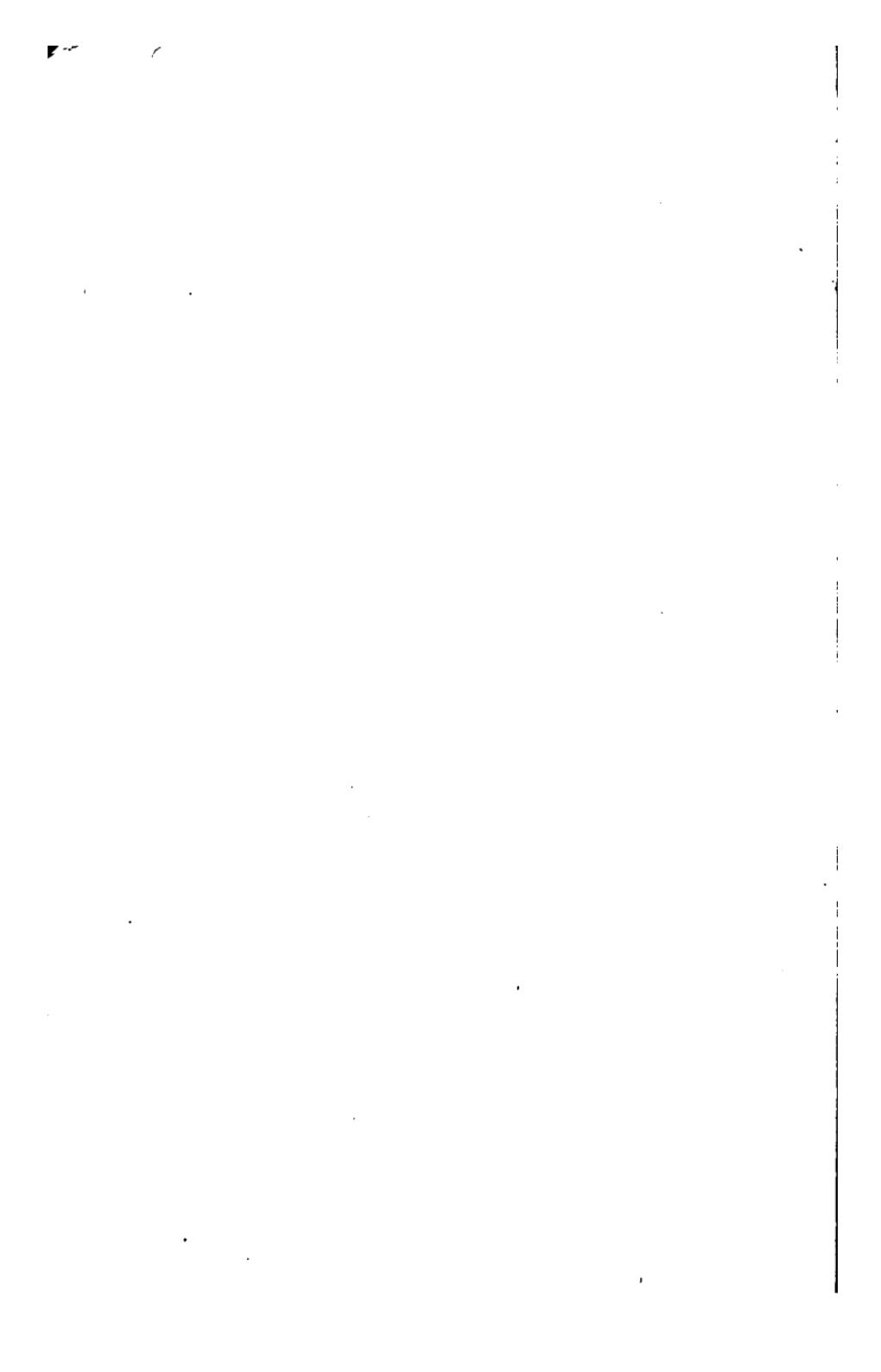
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OF







# **IN TITIAN'S GARDEN**



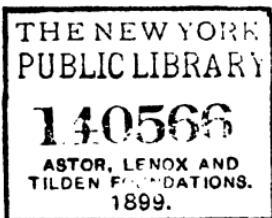
IN  
TITIAN'S GARDEN  
AND OTHER POEMS

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD



BOSTON  
COPELAND AND DAY  
MDCCCXCVII

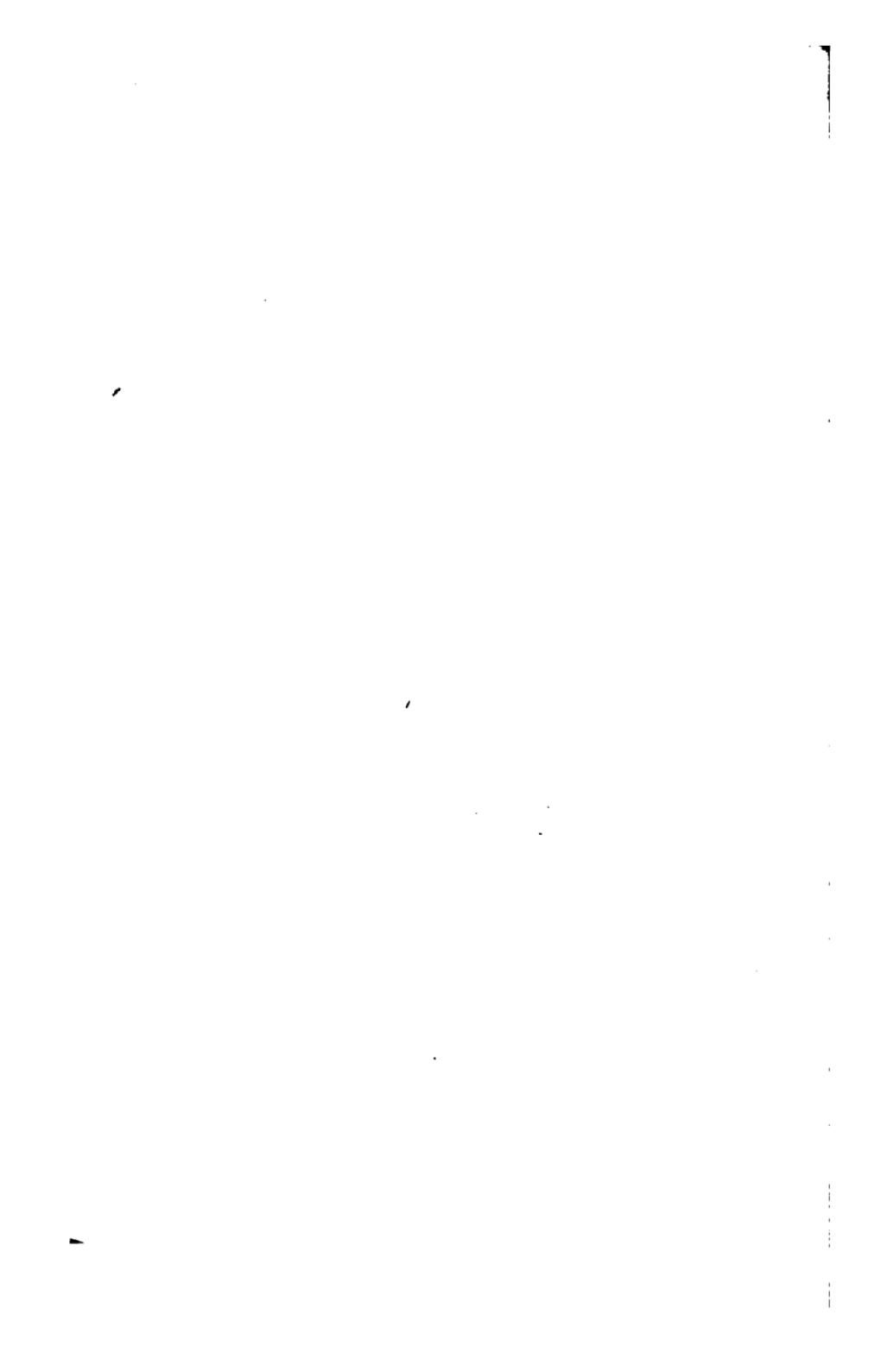
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*Though suns between us swing  
And æons roll,  
Ever to thee I sing,  
Star of my soul!*

*Only to name thee now,  
In joy or dole,  
Is singing's self, O thou  
Song of my soul!*



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## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN



### IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

WHERE the sea with drowsy murmur  
Laps the marble, and full rosy,  
Far withdrawn in purple heavens,  
Slopes of snow and horns of silver  
Figure shining forms that slowly  
Swim like giants flushed with sunset,  
Cloudy swells from deeps of twilight  
Round them tossing, lies the garden  
Where the Master takes his pleasure  
When the pencil leaves his fingers  
Tingling still with magic cunning, —  
While from dome and campanile  
Wandering winds bring airy music,  
Showers of bell-tones lightly falling  
As the dusk falls, half caressing,  
Tenderly like some soft mantle  
Folding him in starry shadows.

Still within the spell of daydreams,  
Stepping stately down the stairway,  
Like some great doge of his painting  
Sweeping out of frame and panel,  
Moves the Master. And the jasmines

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Blow their breath forth to salute him,  
Lemon leaves with piercing sweetness  
Touch and whisper, laurels rustle,  
Cleaving from the carven satyr  
Towards him turns the passion-flower.  
All the garden glooms and glitters,  
Wine-dark cup and pearly petal,  
Every deepest dye revealing  
Hid in inmost cell and tissue  
To the eye that searches sunlight,  
Lord of color that is nameless,  
Shut within the ray's recesses  
For a further finer vision.

Here he sups with Sansovino,  
With Zuccato, scheming, seeing  
For San Marco the new marvel  
Growing like a golden bubble  
Poised in happy air above them.  
Here the merry Aretino  
Breaks the flask and takes the creaming,  
Makes them jests and sings them sonnets.  
And some girl sea-bronzed and sparkling,  
On her cheek the stain ensanguined,  
Bears aloft the bossy salver :  
As the innocent Lavinia  
Brought them in old days of revel  
Fruits and flowers amesh with sunbeams, —  
No red burnish of pomegranates,  
No cleft peach in velvet vermeil,  
No bright grapes their blue bloom bursting,

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Dews between the cool globes slipping,  
Dews like drops of clouded sapphire,  
But the brighter self and spirit  
Glowed illusive in her beauty !

Out of spheres of golden nightfall,  
Melting skies in melting currents,  
All along the festive evening  
Come the rout to Casa Grande,  
Contarini and Cornaros,  
Zios, Dannas, gay and gallant,  
Many a proud Venetian noble  
Sword on hip and chain on shoulder,  
Splendid in his cap and jewel —  
Black the Ten, in awful presence  
All unguessed, behind him, flashing  
From his pleasure to his prison,  
When the torches quench them quickly  
And the water-way is narrow  
Where the treacherous palace-shadow  
Cuts the moonlight like a sword-blade.  
One great joy, a glorious phantom,  
One great memory, following after,  
Red with rapture, trembling, smiling,  
Bringing all of life to blossom,  
Worth the dungeon, worth the dagger !

Lute-strings tinkling, voices warbling,  
Stealing over gilded waters,  
Mother o' pearl and shining furrows,  
Float the gondolas, and flocking

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Like bright doves the gracious ladies  
Bring their homage to the Master.  
How they love him, how they serve him,  
These white women, hair all golden  
Dropping down their snowy bosoms,  
Clad in cloth of gold, and shedding  
Laughter as they move about him !  
O'er the wall the roses clamber,  
Vagrant sprays and torn corollas  
That the bee has robbed beforetime,  
Telling of the lovely joyance  
With the man of ninety summers, —  
Every one of all those summers  
Like wide-spreading flowers that open  
Prodigal their silken curtains,  
Each one fuller than the last one  
Of the perfume and the honey,  
Of the wine of life unwasted.

Slowly as a dream fades, waking,  
Fades the flush along the summits,  
And in shoreless floods the moonlight  
Washes all the sky in silver,  
Washes all the emerald shallows,  
Lifts in light the dim barge drifting  
To the dark of San Michele.  
Far away a voice is ringing,  
Sweetness lurking in the echo,  
Like the waft of love forgotten,  
On a wind from nowhere blowing,  
When one passes bearing myrtles.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

So death comes to Venice,  
The city of dreams,  
We know that hearts ache there,  
They break there it seems.

Love burns like the rose there,  
And falls like its leaf,  
And balsams and balms there  
Distil out of grief.

Bear they the dead there,  
Or bear they the bride,  
Splendor floats with them  
Along the dark tide.

By noonlight, by moonlight,  
By dawnlight's soft hours,  
When death comes to Venice  
They hide it in flowers.

Dies the tune and dies the echo,  
Dies the moon's bloom like remembrance  
Falling from supernal spaces.  
Gone the lover and the lady,  
Fled is all the frolic pageant  
Fleeting moth-like down the ripple,  
Vanishing as sparks skim widely,  
Lost at last in starry distance.  
Left alone, the mighty Master, —  
Who has honor of all people,  
Fishing-men along Guidecca,  
Dogaressa, and donzella,

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Who has pope to friend, and princes,  
Pomp and power before him waiting,  
Earth with nothing to surrender, —  
Feels the world of thronging silence,  
Beckons the unseen about him,  
Dreams his dreams and calls his phantasms.  
Once again fair Violante  
Leads him through a land enchanted.  
Once again his wife Cecilia  
In her smiling holds all heaven.  
Was 't of old, or was 't this morning,  
Violet mists along Cadore,  
Almonds shaking in the sunshine  
Twinkling webs of dewy sparkles,  
Made the day a glory ?

Softly

Depth on depth the summer shadows  
Open hollow after hollow,  
Bare a ruddy heart and give him  
Marrow of strange tinct and secret.  
Overhead in fragrant darkness  
Drooping boughs are bending, brooding,  
Winds are murmuring, waters slipping,  
And a nightingale remotely  
Sets a sigh to singing.

Clearly

All the joy of lovely living,  
Lust of the eyes, and earth's wide wonder,  
Pride of life and bounding heart's blood,  
Are his birthright and possession,  
Beauty, the surcharge of Godhead,

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Brimming like the sea and swelling  
For his element and being,—  
He, whose many years confirm him  
That the empurpled dust had taken,  
Were it something less than precious,  
Primal shape and sumptuous seeming  
In no thought divine, and compassed  
No informing fire of heaven.  
Listen — all about him flowing —  
Is it but a fond remembering ?  
Melodies and voices mingling,  
Voices flashing on his fancy  
Wild white swans their wet wings beating  
Far in sounding Istrian channels.  
Who are these, old numbers trolling  
Once he sang in his own heyday?  
Stars above in pallid places,  
Stars in tranquil tides below them,  
What young monk his grate regretting,  
What mad poet drunk with dreaming,  
Where the wide lagoon goes darkly,  
And the night feels morning quicken !

Build up, build up the mountain walls,  
The gleaming gorges thick with mist,  
The crags through veiling waterfalls  
Sun-smitten into amethyst !

Bring from the far and outer verge,  
With perfume on long breezes curled,  
Beauty, that deathless Demiurge  
Through whom the Maker made the world!

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Bring music of the winding horn,  
And airy shapes of tender things,  
And keep the place where Love is born,  
And starts and shakes his purple wings !

Answering tones from further outposts,  
Does he dream them — does he hear them ?  
Finer thrills of fainting music  
Down full-throated bells recurrent,  
In a sea of silver clangor,  
Throbbing far on tides of morning  
Through the dark rich prime, and swimming  
To the measure of his pulses, —  
Some high spirit bathed in heaven,  
Shrilling his imperious gladness,  
Seeing Venice on her waters  
Like the towers of that fair city  
The apocalyptic herald  
Saw, more luminous than daybreak,  
Hanging in the empyrean.

In the dew and the dark and the coolness  
I bend to the beaker and sip,  
For the earth is the Lord's, and its fulness  
Is held like the cup to my lip.

For his are the vast opulences  
Of color, of line, and of flight,  
And his was the joy of the senses  
Before I was born to delight.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Forever the loveliness lingers,  
Or in flesh, or in spirit, or dream,  
For it swept from the touch of his fingers  
While his garments trailed by in the gleam.

When the dusk and the dawn in slow union  
Bring beauty to bead at the brim,  
I take, 't is the cup of communion,  
I drink, and I drink it with Hjm !

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

### THE VIOLIN

Viva fui in sylvis,  
Dum vixi tacui,  
Mortua dulce cano.

**A**LL the leaves were rustling in the forest,  
All the springs were bubbling in the moss ;  
What light laughter where the brooks were spilling,  
What lament I heard the branches toss,  
Ah, what pipings gave me thrill on thrill !  
All the world was wild with broken music —  
I alone was silent, I was still.

White the moonbeam wove its weird about me,  
Starshine clad my boughs with streaming flame,  
Mighty winds caressed me out of heaven,  
Storm-clouds in a fleece upon me came,  
Earth's deep juices fed me all my fill —  
Strains swept through me fit for sovereign singing —  
I, alas, was silent, I was still.

I was still, though callow buds were swarming,  
Still, though sylvan life throughout me stirred.  
Embassy though mine of praise and passion,  
Melancholy waiting on my word,  
Inarticulate those murmurs stole!  
What without the rhythmic thrall were transport ?  
What were longing ? Silent was the soul.

When the sleetting rains fled far on tempest,  
With the eyry rocking under me,  
Part of the great planet flying northward,

## THE VIOLIN

Star among the stars I fain would be.

Wide upon the gale I spread my plume —  
Oh, not mine to burst in clamorous chanting,  
Syllablibing some eager song of doom !

I remember me of gladsome mornings

Where the sun swept in a quickening flash  
Down long lanes to pass in glooms of verdure,  
While it gave my stem a golden splash.

Happy outcry made the hollows ring.  
I had sung then with the singing children —  
Woe is me, there was no voice to sing.

I remember me of summer twilights —

Red the brand burned in the smouldering west,  
While two lovers leaned on me together,  
And I felt their tremor through my breast.  
Softly, softly sighed the lonely thrush  
Till the heart swooned in a joy of sorrow —  
I could only listen through the hush.

When the wanderer spent his soul with weeping

Deep in the long bracken at my base,  
Low my shade bent round him as a covert,  
Wearying to whisper words of grace.

Bitterly with grief acquainted then  
All his sadness passed into my being,  
Sadness that would never forth again.

Came the woodsman with his stroke and felled me ;

Strong suns sucked the life from every cell ;  
Bending, purfling, hearing unsung warbles,

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Came the craftsman with his cunning spell,  
Gave me flowing lines beloved of men.  
As old kings in strange gums swathed and vested  
I lay dead. What mattered singing then?

Came the Master — drew his hand across me —  
Oh, what shocked me, what great throb of bliss  
Wakened me to pulse on pulse of rapture —  
Soul my soul, I never dreamed of this!  
Breath of horn and silver fret of flute,  
Compass of all nature's various voices,  
I was singing — I who once was mute!

Winding waters, silken breezes blowing,  
Fragrances of morning, filled my tune,  
Glimpses of the land where dreams are mantled,  
East o' the sun and rearward of the moon,  
Songs from music's ever-swelling tide,  
Music beating up the walls of heaven —  
I had never sung had I not died!

## TRUMPETS IN LOHENGRIN

**H**ARK! 'T is the golden trumpets of the dawn  
Sounding the day!  
Music, O Music fain!  
From rosy reaches drawn,  
And fall of silver rain,  
Along the call how swift the sunrise streams!  
Sound, sound again,  
O magical refrain!

## TRUMPETS IN LOHENGRIN

Peal on peal winding through the dewy air,  
Peal on peal answering far off and fair,  
Peal on peal bursting in victorious blare !

Sound, sound again,  
With your delicious pain,  
O wild sweet haunting strain,

Till the sky swell with hint of heavenly gleams  
And the heart break with gladness loosed from  
dreams !

What buoyant spirit breathes the breath of morn  
And earth's delight,

Trumpets, O trumpets blest !  
Great voices, born

Of consecrated gest,  
Across the ramparts ring and faint and fail !  
O echoes, pressed

On some ethereal quest,  
Touch all the joyance to a tearful dew,  
With melancholy gathering o'er the blue —  
Infinite hope, infinite sorrow, too !

And, heard, or guessed,  
Sweet, sweet, O sweet and best,  
Fall'n from some skyey crest,  
O horns of heaven, give your hero hail,

Blown to him from the Kingdom of the Grail !

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

### THE FLIGHT

**W**HEN the great ice comes down on the river,

With the roar of a mighty voice abroad,  
Crying, " Deliver ! O shores, deliver ! "  
The giant pines of the island shiver,  
The rooted rocks of the mid-earth quiver,  
Hearing and fearing the tread of a god.

" Come," sung the Sea, " O breath of my being,  
Drawn from me, drawn from me, summer days long !

Hill-tarn and cavern too sombre for seeing,  
You that have swung in the sun shall be fleeing ;  
Now my winds blow, my tides press to your  
freeing,  
Urging and surging and filled with my song ! "

Green in the moonbeam it lay at the singing,  
Silver with froth of a frozen foam,  
Red in the sunrise its arrow-flame flinging,  
Azure while over it moonlight was winging,  
Dark as the midnight tide when it went springing,  
Bending and rending went springing for home.

What a great music you heard through your  
dreaming

When in a moment the ice went free !  
Wild as the Valkyr her battle-cry screaming,

## THE PINES

With groaning and sighing, and ghostly the gleaming,  
And shifting the shapes that towered shoulderding  
and streaming,  
Bursting and thirsting and mad for the Sea!

## THE PINES

**C**OULDST thou, Great Fairy, give to me  
The instant's wish, that I might see  
Of all the earth's that one dear sight  
Known only in a dream's delight,  
I would, beneath some island steep,  
In some remote and sun-bright deep,  
See high in heaven above me now  
A palm-tree wave its rhythmic bough !

And yet this old pine's haughty crown,  
Shaking its clouds of silver down,  
Whispers me snatches of strange tunes  
And murmur of those awful runes  
Which tell by subtle spell, and power  
Of secret sympathies, the hour  
When far in the dark North the snow  
Among great bergs begins to blow.

Nay, thou sweet South! of heats and balms,  
Keep all thy proud and plumpy palms,  
Keep all thy fragrant flowery ease,  
Thy purple skies, thy purple seas !  
These boughs of blessing shall not fail,

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

These voices singing in the gale,  
The vigor of these mighty lines —  
I will content me with my pines!

### THE SINGING ON THE RIVER

**W**HEN nights are dusk and airs are soft,  
Where stars and tree boughs quiver,  
How sweet beneath Deer Island's cliff  
The singing on the river!

I hear oars dip and waters lap,  
The tide turns slowly swinging,  
When from the great mysterious dark  
The sudden voice comes ringing —

The sudden silver voice that far  
Its happy burden launches,  
Till the weird pine at Hawkswood's Bend  
Stirs all its dewy branches.

And where the Laurels gloom it steals,  
And dies, remotely floating,  
On Salisbury shore as dies the song  
Of some aerial boating.

Perchance a young girl's voice wherein  
All love and joy are clinging,  
Perchance the river-gods', perchance  
The great dark's voice is singing —

## SPRING MEASURES

The great soft tingling dark that hangs  
With warmth and flower scents freighted,  
The dark that clung to Eden's slopes  
While God and Morning waited.

Ah, till the last of the clear tones  
In throbbing silence shiver,  
How sweet beneath Deer Island's cliff  
That singing on the river !

## SPRING MEASURES

### I

#### APRIL WINDS

COME, little April winds,  
Puff your dear lips ;  
Curl round the veering vanes,  
The waiting ships,  
And toss, the forest through,  
The topmost tips !  
There is no life till you  
Bring back the blue.

Come, sky-born April winds,  
And blow, and blow  
The fleecy cloud above,  
The drift below,

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

And set your breath before  
The salt sea's flow,  
And on the brook's bright floor  
Your jewels pour !

Come, mighty April winds,  
And bid the bud  
Call to its blushing cheek  
The earth's best blood ;  
On dearth of bloom, and drouth,  
Blow flowers in flood ;  
Blow Summer and the South  
From your sweet mouth !

## II

### IN THE WOOD

**N**OW it is April! Come with me  
Into the heart of the waiting wood,  
Dim with great emerald glooms, and sweet  
With sense of slumberous solitude.

Here in the dewy gleam alit,  
With flickering sun and fitful blue,  
Down the tranced depths how strong, it seems,  
The spell is laid, how silent too!

As if the moveless hemlocks there,  
The mystic cedars, knew the bond  
That held them cast in changeless calm,  
Waiting the lifting of a wand.

## SPRING MEASURES

Nay, then, has silence' self a voice  
Of wide and murmurous music? Hark!  
That distance shot with quivering light—  
You thought it mute? You thought it dark?

Where you shall tread, all unaware,  
The velvet moss, from hiding cool  
A troop of sparkles toss and fly,  
A troop of dimples break the pool.

And close about the kingly bole  
In the dead bracken of his lair  
A cloud of bursting buds have shed  
Their dusty sweetness on the air.

The maple like an ember burns  
Far down the misty forest reach;  
Yonder the shadows prank themselves  
In the green sunshine of the beech.

And where that great bough slowly lifts  
A dusky plume, and falls on rest,  
Nestles a mother-bird, and broods  
The song to come beneath her breast.

The whisper of the parting sheath,  
The pushing bud, is singing there  
Under the breath to half-guessed tunes  
Of trickling waters everywhere.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

With thrills along the last year's leaf,  
With seeds that start, with wings that whir,  
With motion and with sound, the world,  
The dark sweet world, is all astir.

In the deep wood this April day  
Feel, then, with what a yearning flight  
Through every darkling clod the earth  
Springs upward like a soul to light !

### III

#### IN SONG TIME

##### I

WHEN first the blush of the sweet earth, be-  
cause the sun has turned her way,  
Suffuses light and lofty skies, and hides in veils of  
rosy gray ;  
When winds come blowing out of heaven, faint  
with a breath of unknown bliss,  
The bloom of shores the soul has known in some far  
other morn than this ;  
When life is gushing everywhere in pulses from  
the primal source,  
And all the answering planet thrills and trembles to  
the quickening force ;

When silver showers are rent in twain by sun-  
beams in their arrowy drive,  
And grassing all the woody ways, the dark mould  
fain would be alive ;

## SPRING MEASURES

When down the happy orchard aisles the apple-trees begin to blow,  
And wrap their rugged being round with brooding wings of blushing snow ;  
When children wild with laughter snatch the first-born violets of the year,  
And smouldering, flashing, beauty breaks a flame of blossom far and near ;

When bees are humming, swallows darting, leaves are rustling, brooks foam white ;  
When birds to music shake the air, and just to breathe is sheer delight —  
Oh, then the poet feels him part of all the lovesome stirring thing,  
Thrills, as the mighty mother thrills, to the great impulse of the spring,  
Wild joyous motions flitter where the pool lay dark and silent long,  
The fount of singing overflows, his soul is nothing but a song !

### II

SAID the archangels, moving in their glory,  
Seeing the suns bend out along their courses,  
Seeing the earth swim up in vernal light,  
Seeing the year renew her ancient story, —  
Ask we here the Lord of all the finer forces  
To make us now a poet whose song shall reach our height !

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Fain would we know the impulse ever fleeing,  
Fleeing in light o'er the battlements of even,  
    Fleeing in love that lifts the universe like wings ;  
Fain would we know the secret of our being,  
Blush for a moment with the inmost joy of  
    heaven —  
Make us then a poet whose song shall tell  
these things !

From his rosy cloud, a Voice, — O wonder !  
All my harp-strings tremble to sweet singing !  
Life, O lovely life, is at the flood !  
Hear the torrents' far melodious thunder,  
Hear the winds' long sweep, the joyous thickets  
    ringing,  
Forests bow and murmur, and blossoms burst  
their bud !

Israfel, the Voice, was warbling, — Follow  
Where the wild swift music winds and doubles !  
Follow ! When the sap whirls longing for the  
    light,  
When the first thrush thrills the dusky hollow,  
Every heart on earth with jocund spirit bubbles,  
And every soul's a poet whose song surmounts  
our height !

## SPRING MEASURES

IV

### OUTDOORS

**B**LUE as the ephod robe  
Of desert story  
Deepens the sky and burns  
With inner glory.  
Blue, blue it burns and bears  
Upon its bosom  
Branch-work of rose and snow  
And tufted blossom,  
Tracery of coral stem,  
Foam-wreath of flower,  
Raining from airy heights  
A silken shower.  
And while full odors steal  
With soft caressing,  
Out of exhaustless wells  
Forever pressing,  
To gaze is transport and  
To breathe is blessing !

Sometimes I think the Lord  
Of all this splendor  
Looks at it with a love  
Exceeding tender.  
Because He loves it so  
It seems to capture  
Some effluence divine,  
Some source of rapture,  
Fusing with earth and air,  
In wondrous leaven,

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

The beauty too intense  
Of upper heaven !  
Sometimes in vision half  
The marvel seeing,  
The vast, swift loveliness  
Around me fleeing  
Is but a gleam, a glance,  
Of God's own being !

## AFLOAT

**W**INDING in and out the fragrant meadow,  
Now the boatway lapses into shadow,  
While the high-arched forest branches quiver  
O'er green depth of sunshine in the river.  
Anchored lilies dip before our gliding ;  
Scarlet-finned the perch below are sliding ;  
Here a happy nest among the sedges  
Hides its pearls behind the reedy edges,  
Here the blue wings of a flitting swallow  
With the fluttering pennon flash and follow.

All at once the world is wider round us,  
Lonely marshes far and near have bound us,  
Up their creeks a glistening tide goes swimming  
Where the sails like pointed flames are skimming.  
Close above, the idle lighthouse towers  
Like a phantom through the shining hours,  
Looms along the low and barren beaches,  
Over all the salty ocean reaches,  
Over all the white-plumed crests that landward  
Toss the fleeting foam-bow of their standard.

## THE FIRE-FLIES IN THE WHEAT

Ah, the soaring, sinking, of our flying —  
So may spirits pass who leave their dying.  
What a fresh breath from the hoary hollows !  
Turn again, ye little scudding swallows —  
Space nor grace be found for summer's nestlings.  
Where these winds and waters keep their wrestlings.  
Ancient winds from ancient heavens are falling,  
Awful deeps to awful deeps are calling !  
How the great swells of the bar are leaping  
Purple-breasted, froth-flecked, to our sweeping !  
Mount them, gallant bark, with gallant riding,  
Music echoes in their angry chiding,  
Music in the breakers' silver thunder,  
Music in the billow cleft asunder !  
Now no more the fitful west wind teases, —  
Loose the sail ! And blow, ye mighty breezes !

## THE FIRE-FLIES IN THE WHEAT

**A**H, never of a summer night  
Will life again be half as sweet  
As in that country of delight  
Where straying, staying, with happy feet,  
We watched the fire-flies in the wheat.

Full dark and deep the starless night,  
Still throbbing with the summer heat ;  
There was no ray of any light,  
But dancing, glancing, far and fleet,  
Only the fire-flies in the wheat.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

In that great country of delight,  
Where youth and love the borders mete,  
We paused and lingered for the sight,  
While sparkling, darkling, flashed the sheet  
Of splendid fire-flies in the wheat.

That night the earth seemed but a height  
Whereon to rest our happy feet,  
Watching one moment that wide flight,  
Where lightning, brightening, mount and meet  
Those burning fire-flies in the wheat.

And still the words whose memory might  
Make an old heart with madness beat,  
Whose sense no music can recite,  
That chasing, racing, rhythmic beat  
Sings out with fire-flies in the wheat.

Oh, never of such blest despite  
Dreamed I, whom fate was wont to cheat —  
And like a star your face, and white —  
While mingling, tingling, wild as sleet,  
Stormed all those fire-flies through the wheat.

Though of that country of delight  
The farther bounds we shall not greet,  
Still, sweet of all, that summer night,  
That maddest, gladdest night most sweet,  
Watching the fire-flies in the wheat !

## MIDSUMMER

### MIDSUMMER

Dawn-tide growing, rose-light sowing,  
Heaven showing bloom and sheen,  
With the summer morning breaking  
Silver soft and all serene,  
Oh the still delight of waking  
When the grass is in the mowing  
And the leaf is green !

Dark kine lowing, slow mists throwing  
In their going, half unseen,  
Where the thatch is shine and shadow  
Oh, below the sail to lean,  
Barges dropping down the meadow,  
When the grass is in the mowing  
And the leaf is green !

Waters flowing, sunshine glowing,  
Breezes blowing in between,  
Every spray a blossom giving,  
Every dewdrop Hippocrene,  
Oh the loveliness of living  
When the grass is in the mowing  
And the leaf is green !

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

### THE HUNT

**W**ILD stream the clouds, and the fresh wind  
is singing,  
Red is the dawn, and the world white with  
rime,—  
Music, O music ! The hunter's horn ringing !  
Over the hill-top the mounted men climb.

Flashing of scarlet, and glitter, and jingle,  
The deep bay, the rhythm of hoof and of  
cry,—  
Echo, O echo ! The winds rush and mingle !  
Halloo, view halloo ! And the Hunt has swept  
by.

Stay ! All the morning is hushed and is sober,  
Bare is the hill-top and sad as its wont, —  
Out of the ghost of a long-dead October  
Blows as the dust blows the ghost of the Hunt !

### OFF BRETON COAST A THOUSAND YEARS AGO

**P**UT the boat round, and head her for the sea !  
Did I hear, Damrosée ? Did you answer me ?  
Has the wind so sweet a sigh as that whisper  
which went by ?  
Oh, bring the boat about, and head her for the sea !

## OFF BRETON COAST

Soft the old gray towers sink beyond the view,  
Clouds of wings above them dark upon the blue ;  
    Oh, the rooks come back at night, however long  
        their flight,  
But never more, Damrosée, those towers encircle  
    you !

Up blaze the bonfires on the great bluff's side,  
Tremblingly the bridegroom hastens to the bride :  
    With many winters' snows upon his head he  
        goes ;  
Oh, tremble, dotard, like the lights that in your  
    jewels hide !

Tremble ! For the tide between yourself and her  
Wide swells, and wider, a purple plunderer !  
    A thousand spears of light, it strikes your startled  
        sight,  
And every spear a foeman, and the great winds  
    stir !

Many a time, Damrosée, have I sailed along the  
lea,  
When nights were still and dark, and when glad  
    gales were free,  
Seen your towers shine where they stand, and  
    fair, I said, the blooming land, —  
Oh, fair and broad ! — but my dominion is the  
sea.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Oh, beautiful dominion, where the wild storms  
    bloom,  
Where field on field forever flies the foam-wreath's  
    plume,  
Where sleep the silver swells, where the moon-  
    light weaves her spells,  
Where sunrise like a spirit bursts from the gray  
    gloom !

See, how far above us the bright sail takes its  
    breath !  
See, how far below us the great sea darkeneth !  
    Oh, Damrosée, wild the bliss, heart to heart  
        and kiss to kiss,  
With nothing but a tree's stem between our flight  
    and death !

## TWO ANTIQUES

### I

#### THE LAMP

CLEAR as if she passed me now —  
Stepping leopard-like and quick,  
Long-limbed, with a furtive grace —  
I can see the ivory brow ;  
See the gold bronze of the face  
Burn with joy, I know not how ;  
See beneath the scarf the hair  
Black as midnight, fragrant, thick,

## TWO ANTIQUES

Falling all about her there.  
And as fire bursts from char,  
Each eye kindle like a star !  
When her long-lost lamp I bring —  
There 's such magic in the thing —  
From her ashes scattered far,  
From her thousand years away,  
She comes back to me to-day.

Just a little earthen lamp —  
Here the oil swam, here the wick,  
Here the flame went flaring back  
If the bearer turned her quick ;  
Turned her in the shadowy space,  
Saw the flash of one swart face ;  
Saw the eager arms, and — hark ! —  
Sprang aside, and let the dark  
Blow her out and drown the spark !

## II

### THE TEAR BOTTLE

**H**ERE a sudden flush of flame,  
And here a sheet of azure glory,  
Blood-red depth, and lucid green  
Of seas a stooping storm makes hoary.  
Such a blaze sheds no sweet queen,  
Jewel-eyed, by gems attended ;  
No imperial pearl so fair ;  
No fire-opal half so splendid.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Tiny treasure, making play  
Of beauty out of long decay,  
Gathering light in some old tomb  
Through twenty centuries of gloom !

Passion of wild joy and life,  
Passion of vast death and sorrow,  
Tremor of delicious hope  
Beating breathless toward to-morrow ;  
Desolation and despair  
Prostrate in the dead night-hushes ;  
Pallor of vague fear and dole,  
Stormy surge of love and blushes —  
With disintegrating power,  
In slow enchantment hour by hour,  
Wrought old earth the spell ? or here  
Were all these splendors in a tear ?

## THE SECRET

**N**AY ! nay ! I have not told you yet !  
I cannot tell you while you let  
Your heart shake so. Here, lend your ear —  
Ah, God in heaven, have no fear !  
'T is I, not you, should quake, for lo,  
This many a year I 've trembled so  
When in the dead of the dark I heard  
The whistle of a waking bird,  
Or saw the moon with leprous stain  
Look through the waiting window-pane,

## THE SECRET

As if a ghost stood there a space  
With eyes that lit the troubled place,  
What time the arras on the wall  
Let all its shadows rise and fall,  
And strange soft rustlings swept the room,  
And ghoul and goblin filled the gloom,  
Appalling shapes with threatening gleams,  
Till back I cowered to my dreams !

Sometimes the wind comes up and sings  
Like a lost soul ; the great shield rings  
Against the wainscot. Give a glance,  
The knight in armor, with his lance,  
Half stirs and lifts a murderous arm ;  
Icy, and curdling with alarm,  
I cry out, and the echoes cry —  
Oh, so I heard that voice once — I —  
And the wind wails on as before  
Over the wild and lonely moor.

Nay, hear me ; I must tell you now —  
Damp, damp, the sweat stands on my brow,  
And cold, the very cold of the grave  
Creeps up. Help ! help me, you who save !  
I dare not meet that awful face,  
Going unshaven and without grace !  
Deep in no grave can I find rest  
With this dark secret in my breast.  
Oh, priest, assoil me, ere the glass  
Suffer those slipping sands to pass.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Pain at my heart a dagger pricks —  
Quick, to my lips the crucifix !  
Life, like those sands, is slipping fast,  
And I shall be unsainted at last !

Oh, priest, the pang is past. And now  
Let me make haste to tell you how  
The thing was done. For you must see  
The wreck I am I could not be  
In those lost years.

My arm was strong ;  
My blood went singing such a song  
Of life and joy along my veins,  
As in May moons and flowery lanes  
Lovers go singing proud and glad,  
And what I wanted, that I had !  
Oh, had I never at the first  
Pursued — Alas, I was accursed !  
Oh, had I never — For Christ's sake,  
Were it a dream and I could wake !  
But I was young, and what so bold ?  
Now I am old, old, very old !  
Now I am nothing but a pain —  
Oh, priest, the agony again !  
Sign me the sign of the cross ! Draw near !  
Wait, I will breathe it in your ear.  
'T was I — Nay, start not ! Oh, 't was I  
That — Listen ! Do not let me die  
Till I have told you ! Turn your head —  
Those eyes, those awful eyes of the dead  
Shining like corpse-lights ! Give me breath —  
Unsainted — unshrunken — God ! Is this death !

## BRONTË

### BRONTË

THERE are two ghosts upon the stair !  
One is so slender and so fair —  
The grave-light faints upon her hair,  
And falls and follows as she stirs  
With the old grace that once was hers,  
Stirs on that chill and sinuous breath  
Blown from the frozen halls of death.  
A dream, a film, along the air —  
There are two ghosts upon the stair.

There are two ghosts without the door, —  
One lofty as when first she wore  
The purple of her youth, and bore  
Her state like some young queen. Full white  
And icy as the northern light  
The death-mask on her face. And see,  
A cold flame where her heart should be !  
Calm, bitter calm, and fair and frore,  
There are two ghosts without the door.

There are two ghosts beyond the pane —  
In all the void and vast inane,  
In all the vernal fall of rain,  
In all the drifting of the mist,  
When winds are high, when winds are whist,  
In all the long sighs of the gale,  
Two hovering wavering shapes and pale,  
In all the wide night's dark domain,  
There are two ghosts beyond the pane.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

On wintry driving of the sleet,  
Between those graves whose furrows meet,  
She sees a yearning face and sweet.  
All night she hears the great winds blow,  
And sees the wild, white, whirling snow  
Sweep up the black vault of the sky,  
And sees a shadow fleeting by  
That treads the storm with royal feet, —  
There are two ghosts upon the sleet.

Out on the high brow of the moor,  
Night lifting all her clear-obscure,  
Or morn with primal tides washed pure,  
While skies and larks together soar,  
And the rime glimmers fresh and hoar,  
Out in the glorious golden weather,  
Knee-deep and lost in plumpy heather,  
In lonely space from lure to lure  
There are two ghosts upon the moor.

And when along heaven's shining coasts  
The summer evening leads his hosts  
In the great train the pole-star boasts,  
She sees from purple hollows shine  
Eyes with a sorrow half divine,  
And in a mist of stars will note  
Ethereal weft of garments float, —  
Pressing from faintest farthest posts  
In heaven itself there are two ghosts.

## BRONTE

Or dreaming there beside the hearth  
Of lightsome days of ancient mirth  
That cast a bloom upon the earth,  
Of shapes that filled those happy years  
Seen through the halo of her tears,  
She feels them stealing nigh and nigher  
To take the last flash of the fire, —  
Woe to that house of gloom and dearth,  
There are two ghosts beside the hearth !

Sometimes at night about her bed  
The moonlight, in a glamour shed,  
Puts on the likeness of the dead.  
The glamour creeps along the wall,  
Far off soft voices seem to fall,  
Soft footsteps falter through the room,  
She cries, and reaches in the gloom,  
And life, and light, and joy are fled, —  
There are two ghosts about her bed.

The gentle cunning fails her hand,  
Here where they woke, they wrought, they planned,  
While day slides o'er the lonesome land,  
The needle poised, the pencil prone, —  
Pale fingers moving with her own, —  
The book, that once strange witchery threw,  
Forgotten slipt, — they read it, too, —  
Awake, asleep, astir, at stand,  
There are two ghosts at her right hand.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

What memories nestling in her heart  
With wild, sweet wings of longing start !  
The things they touched — with awful art —  
The clock's dull tick, the walls, the doors,  
The very shadows on the floors,  
The old smiles, wake an aching fret.  
Barbed with the poison of regret  
Each moment gives a keener smart, —  
There are two ghosts within her heart !

There are two ghosts upon the stair.  
Long since Fame spread his splendid snare ;  
Love came and camped about her there.  
Oh, love was sweet, and life was dear, —  
But, hark ! those voices, strong and clear,  
They wail, they call, she must not stay —  
Out, to the open, and away !  
Oh, love past death and death's despair,  
There are three ghosts upon the stair !

## LAMENT

**H**OW meagre seems the life so briefly doled !  
That I who noted in your earliest hour  
The dimple in the lovely cheek unfold  
With the first smile of all, — that I who told  
The promise of your beauty, as some flower  
Flaming across the dark days of the year  
Promises summer, — that I who in your first  
Dear warble had divined the glorious burst

## LAMENT

Of music in your throat that yet might be  
The marvel of some later minstrelsy, —  
How meagre seems the life so briefly doled !  
That I shall never see that beauty grow  
To its meridian, full orbed as the moon  
Which great and golden in the mist swims low  
And hangs wide-winged in heaven when perfect  
June

Transfigures night, — that I shall never hear  
The voice in all the passion of its tune  
Sweet, sweet and rich with the unfallen tear,  
The stress of love, the whole of life ! Ah, me,  
I shall be lying in my dust, all mute,  
For song the owlet over me shall hoot,  
I shall be gone, like the loose leaf from the tree,  
The idle leaf that flutters in the blast,  
And falls, and sodden with showers returns at last  
To the enriching earth. Nor late, nor soon,  
Dead in the dark, shall it be known to me  
That you, the one consummate flower and fruit,  
Still show all men how goodly is the root !

Thus murmured I when the child's loveliness  
With gracious prophecy of lip and brow  
Filled all my yearning heart with sweet distress  
And longing for the impossible. And now  
Less even than the loose and idle leaf,  
A mere blown petal from the blowing bough,  
The child is gone, and I grow gray and old.  
And still I murmur to my angry grief,  
How meagre is the life so briefly doled !

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

### THE HOUR OF PEACE

UPON the door-stone sat the wife,  
The twilight falling,  
And far below the whippoorwills  
Were softly calling.  
The sweet winds dropped upon their way  
Their honeyed plunder,  
And slow and clear the night built up  
Its house of wonder.

Within, the child dreamed deep, and saw  
Four angels keeping  
Their gentle ward with leaning wings  
About his sleeping.  
While singing from the steep below,  
Where shadows slumbered,  
Her true love climbed, and in his heart  
His treasures numbered.

And sighing faintly to herself  
With purest pleasure,  
Life brimming at her lips to full  
O'erflowing measure,  
She marvelled if the happy earth,  
This summer even,  
Were not the paved work laid before  
The courts of heaven.

And yet, a cold wind from the cloud  
To snatch in blowing  
The little breath between the lips  
So lightly flowing;

## MOTHER SONG

A pebble underfoot where sheer  
The rock descended —  
Ah, Fate ! What slender chances held  
Her heaven suspended !

## MOTHER SONG

**S**OFT sleeps the earth in moonlight blest ;  
Soft sleeps the bough above the nest ;  
O'er lonely depths the whippoorwill  
Breathes one faint note and all is still.  
Sleep, little darling ; night is long —  
Sleep while I sing thy cradle song.

About thy dream the drooping flower  
Blows her sweet breath from hour to hour,  
And white the great moon spreads her wings,  
While low, while far, the dear earth swings.  
Sleep, little darling ; all night long  
The winds shall sing thy slumber song.

Powers of the earth and of the air  
Shall have thee in their mother-care,  
And hosts of heaven, together prest,  
Bend over thee, their last, their best.  
Hush, little darling ; from the deep  
Some mighty wing shall fan thy sleep.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

### ON AN OLD WOMAN SINGING

**S**WEET are the songs that I have heard  
From green boughs and the building bird ;  
From children bubbling o'er with tune  
While sleep still held me half in swoon,  
And surly bees hummed everywhere  
Their drowsy bass along the air ;  
From hunters and the hunting-horn  
Before the day-star woke the morn ;  
From boatmen in ambrosial dusk,  
Where, richer than a puff of musk,  
The blossom breath they drifted through  
Fell out of branches drenched with dew.

And sweet the strains that come to me  
When in great memories I see  
All that full-throated quiring throng  
Go streaming on the winds of song ; —  
Her who afar in upper sky  
Sounded the wild Brunhilde's cry,  
With golden clash of shield and spear,  
Singing for only gods to hear ;  
And her who on the trumpet's blare  
Sang Angels Ever Bright and Fair,  
Her voice, her presence, where she stood,  
Already part of angelhood.

But never have I heard in song  
Sweetness and sorrow so prolong  
Their life — as muted music rings  
Along vibrating silver strings —

## THE STERN CHASE

As when, with all her eighty years,  
With all her fires long quenched in tears,  
A little woman, with a look  
Like some flower folded in a book,  
Lifted a thin and piping tone,  
And like the sparrow made her moan,  
Forgetful that another heard,  
And sang till all her soul was stirred.

And listening, oh, what joy and grief  
Trembled there like a trembling leaf !  
The strain where first-love thrilled the bars  
Beneath the priesthood of the stars ;  
The murmur of soft lullabies  
Above dear unconsenting eyes ;  
The hymns where once her pure soul trod  
The heights above the hills of God —  
All on the quavering note awoke,  
And in a silent passion broke,  
And made that tender tune and word  
The sweetest song I ever heard.

## THE STERN CHASE

O H, call to that bright ship To-morrow !  
Hail, hail her: Ahoy ! Ship Ahoy !  
Oh, tell us the secret of sorrow,  
And what is the measure of joy !

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Oh, hear you no faint cry returning  
The cry that we trumpet her thus ?  
The sun on her sky-sail is burning,  
Oh, is there no signal for us ?

The mists make a moment's erasure,  
Tossing and silver and slow;  
Diaphanous, tremulous, azure,  
They fold her in shadows of snow.

A moment the winds fall upon her ;  
As a cloud does, she bursts into bloom ;  
The great waves fawn, doing her honor ;  
She glimmers away into gloom.

And the secret of sorrow we never  
Shall hear with the far cry : Ahoy !  
Forever, forever, forever  
Escapes us the measure of joy !

## PARADISE

**T**HE light lay on the gates, the light  
Sent from no moon nor any star,  
And in the radiance strange blooms wild and white,  
White as the mists of morning are  
Smitten by sun and storm and shower,  
Climbed, ever climbed, a living tower,  
Where the life shook in spray and spire,  
With hidden depths half orb'd in dew,  
With garlands, an innumerous crew,

## PARADISE

Swinging in splendid leaf and brier,  
And the high heaven stooped in sad desire,  
And far the fragrance streamed, and far the fire.

But heavily the midnight gloomed  
Beyond, o'er all things dear and sweet,  
Where the hushed cedars in the lustre loomed  
    And cast the darkness at their feet, —  
Loomed in the surge of hoary flame  
The archangel, burning in vast shame,  
Shed on the broad and blenching skies,  
    Shed moveless from his sword whose guard  
        The way with white transplendence barred, —  
Or from insufferable eyes, —  
For, in the shadow where all shadow dies,  
Black, black behind the gates lay Paradise.

And as they went, they two alone,  
They two, away from Paradise,  
One smiled upon them from a happier zone,  
    Vaporous, and blushing, and from eyes  
    Violets with Hesper in their dew,  
And murmured, "Though the gates for you  
No more unclose, oh, wherefore go  
    So far? For underneath these walls  
    Once, only once, when Young Love calls,  
With music winding wide and low,  
They who come after you shall surely know  
How sweet the winds of Paradise do blow."

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Then as their steps stayed at the sigh  
    Of low boughs drooping in a wood,  
With wings that touched the earth and touched the  
    sky  
They knew a still dim angel stood.  
“Grace do I bear. In Eden’s stead  
Enter the Eden here,” he said.  
“Where unforgotten odors creep,  
    The rivers out of Eden fall,  
The rose-leaves drift across the wall,  
And breathed from ivory flutes shall sweep  
Soft measures round you lying dark and deep  
Folded within the Paradise of Sleep! ”

## AT THE POTTER’S

**T**HREE were two vases in the sun.  
A bit of common earthenware,  
A rude and shapeless jar, was one.  
The other — could a thing more fair  
Be made of clay? Blushed not so soft  
    The almond blossom in the light;  
A lily’s stem was not so slight  
With lovely lines that lift aloft  
    Pure grace and perfectness full-blown;  
And not beneath the finger tip  
So smooth, or pressed upon the lip,  
    The velvet petal of a rose.  
Less fair were some great flower that blows  
    In a king’s garden, changed to stone!

## AT THE POTTER'S

King's gardens do not grow such flowers —

In a dream garden was it blown !

Fine fancies, in long sunny hours,

Brought it to beauty all its own.

With silent song its shape was wrought

From dart of wing, from droop of spray,

From colors of the breaking day,

Transfigured in a poet's thought.

At last, the finished flower of art —

The dream-flower on its slender stem —

What fierce flames fused it to a gem !

A thousand times its weight in gold

A prince paid, ere its price was told,

Then set it on a shelf apart.

But through the market's gentle gloom,

Crying his ever-fragrant oil,

That should anoint the bride in bloom,

That should the passing soul assoil,

Later the man with attar came,

And tossed a penny down and poured

In the rude jar his precious hoard.

What perfume, like a subtle flame,

Sprang through its substance happy starred !

Whole roses into blossom leapt,

Whole gardens in its warm heart slept !

Long afterward, thrown down in haste,

The jar lay, shattered and made waste,

But sweet to its remotest shard !

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

### THE KING'S DUST

"**T**HOU shalt die," the priest said to the king.  
"Thou shalt vanish like the leaves of spring.  
Like the dust of any common thing

One day thou upon the winds shalt blow !"  
"Nay, not so," the king said. "I shall stay  
While the great sun in the sky makes day ;  
Heaven and earth, when I do, pass away.  
In my tomb I wait till all things go !"

Then the king died. And with myrrh and nard,  
Washed with palm-wine, swathed in linen hard,  
Rolled in naphtha-gum, and under guard  
Of his steadfast tomb, they laid the king.  
Century fled to century; still he lay  
Whole as when they hid him first away, —  
Sooth, the priest had nothing more to say,  
He, it seemed, the king, knew everything.

One day armies, with the tramp of doom  
Overthrew the huge blocks of the tomb ;  
Swarming sunbeams searched its chambered gloom,  
Bedouins camped about the sand-blown spot.  
Little Arabs, answering to their name,  
With a broken mummy fed the flame,  
Then a wind among the ashes came,  
Blew them lightly, — and the king was not !

## A WINTER'S NIGHT

### CAPTIVE

**W**HEN in the dark of some despairing dream  
Sorrow has all her will with me, and ease  
Is full forgotten, through her dear degrees  
Steals Music, beckoning with a hand supreme  
For me to follow. Straight I see the gleam  
Where the winds dip them in the far bright seas  
That roll and break about the Hebrides,  
See white wings flash and hear the sea-birds scream.

Or it may be in palace gardens falls  
The moonlight on wide roses, where the swell  
Of one great lover's heart in passion calls  
To deeps in other hearts. And, listening, well  
I know, while sink my slow dissolving walls,  
So Music lured Eurydice from hell.

## A WINTER'S NIGHT

**C**OME, close the curtains, and make fast the  
door,  
Pile high the logs, and let the happy room  
Red as the rose on wall and ceiling bloom,  
And bring your golden flagons forth and pour  
Full drinking of some ancient summer's store  
Of spice and sweetness, while to ruddy gloom  
The fire falls. And lest one hear sound of  
doom  
Let music sing old ditties o'er and o'er.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Yet shall you never make the door so fast  
That no moan echo on the song, no shape  
Dull the wine's fragrance and the blaze obscure  
And breathe the dark chill of the outer blast,  
Till you shall turn and shudder to escape  
The awful phantom of the hungry poor !

## CRUSADERS

WITH leaping steeds and shrilling trumpet-blast,  
Glitter of spears and wind-blown banners blest,  
A cloud of dreams of deathless deed and hest  
In domes and deserts where the East was vast,  
Rode the Crusaders. Far they rode and fast  
From heathen hands the Sepulchre to wrest ;  
And kingdoms shook before their mighty quest,  
The bounds of empire changed as they swept past.

To-day, where sound of sorrow has enticed,  
Fearless, afoot, through mire of field and fen,  
Armed only with the mail of love unpriced,  
Where hosts flame wide or darkness makes its den,  
The glad knights seek the Sepulchre of Christ  
Within the bodies and the souls of men !

## IN THE TIME OF THE AFTERMATH

### IN THE TIME OF THE AFTERMATH

THOUGH flame and spice and flower  
Are fallen and dead,  
Yet mantling all the sphere  
Of fragrance fled  
Some unknown country's airs  
Strange sweetness shed,  
And fulness of content  
Broods overhead.

For far afield the soul  
In quiet goes  
Where wrapt in azure bloom  
The distance glows,  
Where redder droops the leaf  
Than any rose,  
And softer than the west  
The south wind blows.

Down dim depths drops the moon  
His golden barque —  
And if the mist comes chill  
The night comes dark,  
The great sky has no star,  
The hill no spark,  
Yet from the outer vast  
What music, hark !

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

### THE TRYST

OUT of the darks and deeps of space,  
Where worlds in awful shadow swim,  
I came to meet the ancient sun,  
Obeying all my bond with him.

Wrapped in the glimmer of my scarf,  
My wefts of silver brede and lace,  
Woven of stars and winds, I pressed,  
And felt his glory on my face.

When, lo, along my hurrying way  
A shining fillet he had lost,  
Or, sooth, another sphere, a star  
That into being he had lost.

A ball of swirling fire, fierce waves  
Of molten jewels leaping fast  
And shattering crests of flame and jets  
Of kindling spume, I saw and passed.

Æons of ages, and again  
On my parabolas I swept  
Where, lapped in opalescent films,  
The fire-ball rolled and, dreaming, slept.

And yet new ages, and I saw  
In green of vasty forest shade  
That sphere enfolded, and in seas  
Where nameless monsters plunged and played.

## THE TRYST

Once more from darks and deeps of space  
To meet my mighty love I sprung :  
Lo, the blue sky, the fleecy cloud ;  
Mooned with soft light the planet swung.

And there were temples on the heights,  
And homes beneath the fruited trees,  
And never had I seen before  
Beings so beautiful as these.

They blushed, they smiled, they laughed, they  
loved ; —  
Fain would I pause before I pass.  
What songs they sang ! But then what tears  
They wept ! And there were graves, alas !

Born of that whorl of fire-mist, now  
A little less than gods, they sought  
In vain the secret of the stars,  
The mystery of their own thought.

Away, away ! Tremendous whiles  
Shall lapse ; but one day, seamed and charred,  
I find this soft and gleaming world  
A shrunken ball, a lifeless shard.

And when at last, perchance, I come,  
The elemental force withdrawn,  
Of light, of heat, of motion, life,  
In that place Nothingness shall yawn.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Away ! My master and my lord,  
Still drawn by thy almighty will,  
Though worlds be born in purple depths,  
Though worlds shall fail, I seek thee still.

What shudder sways me ? ah, what chill  
Shakes all my splendor as I flee ?  
Can loss like that be ours ? Oh, love,  
Can that fate fall on such as we ?

### THE STORY OF THE ICEBERG

**H**OW weary the ice-river grew  
In those dark months of winter night,  
And, poised upon his lofty cliff,  
Longed, longed, for other worlds and flight.

What use was all his mighty mould,  
With none to wonder and admire  
The light and color that he held,  
The moonstone gleam, the opal fire !

In vain the mother glacier showed  
Pale altars answering with cold rites  
The flashes of eternal stars,  
The lances of the northern lights ;

A band of sunbeams came that way,  
Tempted, and touched, and lured him on,—  
Wild dreams of suns and southern skies,—

A wrench, a plunge, and he was gone.

## THE STORY OF THE ICEBERG

With swift embrace the billows swelled  
To meet him, leaping twice and thrice  
In thunder, ere they led him forth,  
King of a world of floating ice.

Down, down, by viewless currents drawn,  
His huge mass underneath the sea,  
His lofty tops enskyed, he moved  
Like some vast fleet in majesty, —

Out from the dark, mysterious North,  
With all its glamour, every night  
Tingling with unforgotten dreams,  
And every day flood-full of light.

The white bear slumbered in his caves ;  
The sunbeams played about his tips ;  
Down, down he bore to summer seas  
And crashed his way through sinking ships.

And drowning sailors saw on high  
Those icy walls where surges tossed,  
Descended out of heaven, a pile  
Of jewelled splendor fired in frost.

Lapis and turquoise pierced with light  
To sapphire, emerald hollows paled  
To beryl, topaz burning clear  
In flames of chrysolite, he sailed.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Down, down to equatorial seas  
Still slowly drifting,—ah, how sweet  
These soft caresses of the tide  
Far in the depths about his feet !

How tenderly this morning gleam  
Saluted all his shining spires,  
That far away the voyager saw  
Tipped with the blaze of ruby fires !

How ardently through warm south winds  
The stresses of the noontide beat,  
Till brooks burst forth far up his sides,  
Dissolving in a fervent heat.

Now plumed with streaming smoke he went,  
Now but a cloud of amethyst,  
The ghost of glory, weird and white,  
Now wrapt within a world of mist.

The sweet and treacherous currents still  
Around his weakening bases whirled,  
The great throat of the hurricane  
Tremendous blasts against him hurled.

Into blue air he crept ; and now  
Those sunbeams armed with javelins swarmed,  
A hostile legion, fierce and fain,  
And all his awful beauty stormed.

## THE MAKING OF THE PEARL

Ah, for that dim, dark home once more,  
Those lances of the northern lights !  
Then his tops bent them to their fall,  
The wide seas rose and drowned his heights.

And, but a hulk of crumbling ice,  
Within the deep he found his grave,  
Stranded upon a hidden key,  
And washed to nothing by a wave.

## THE MAKING OF THE PEARL

**S**O soft, so warm, the water lay,  
Its chambers paved with amberous lights,  
The sunbeams sliding there forgot  
Their home among the skyey heights.

With the rose-tangle's stems they played,  
They blushed beneath the purple dulse,  
They swung from tide to tide, and gave  
All swimming things their joyous pulse.

The little creature at their touch  
Felt the fresh force of gathering cells,  
And happy seemed this rhythmic life  
That swept its currents through his shells.

Happy the swell of bay and bight  
Dimpling with kisses of a wind  
Blown from the royal cinnamon,  
From jasmine and from tamarind.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Happy the shadow of the palms  
Seemed to him, wavering o'er his reef,  
Happy the rippling scarf of light  
Tossed from the long banana leaf.

Firmer he fixed him to his rock,  
And wider opened to the tide  
That softly rose, and fell, and left  
A grain of sand along his side.

A tiny rasping grain of sand  
It was, whose never-ceasing prick  
Dispelled the charm of summer seas  
And pierced him to the very quick.

Ah, what a world of trouble now!  
But straight he bent him to the strife,  
And poured around that hostile thing  
The precious ichor of his life.

And storms could stoop and stir the deeps  
To blackness, but he heeded not, —  
The universe had nothing now  
For him but that one fatal spot.

The color of the foam, the light  
Of heaven across translucent seas,  
Flicker of wings and silver scales, —  
He wrapped the pain with things like these.

## THE MAKING OF THE PEARL

A trail of jewels in the gleam  
The dolphins dart, above, below,  
With sinuous side and silvery flash,  
Roll a great eye on him and go.

He saw them only as he felt  
Sore scathe beneath his mantle lay,  
And mending as he could his hurt  
He spent himself day after day.

Or halcyons rocking on the wave,  
Or sailing birds of Paradise,  
Softly their plumes swept upper air,  
Idly his ooze received their dyes.

And summer moons might draw the floods  
With their white magic and wide calm  
Shed from the wells of midnight blue, —  
He knew but never felt their balm.

And as some singer's bitterest woe  
Has fed the song we love to hear,  
So all the trouble of his life  
Was glorified in this one tear.

What mattered then the swarthy shape  
That cleft the wave with plunge and whirl  
And snatched him into death and doom ?  
His life was lived in that great pearl.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

On some queen's breast it heaves, it falls,  
    Changing with every breath its hue,  
Sunshine and sea and moon are there,  
    The sorrow of a lifetime, too !

### THE UNDER LIFE

**C**LEAR were the waters of the Gulf  
As some great crystal's lucent play,  
Clear as the tides of lustrous air  
    That wash about the breaking day.

And leaning o'er the boat she saw,  
    Where the dull green sea-apron grows,  
Watling of sunbeams, netted flames  
    Of liquid blue, of tender rose.

The purple mussel there she saw,  
    And saw the coral-tree uplift  
Stems of white blossom-stars across  
    The shells of many a rainbowed drift.

She saw the sea-anemones  
    Parting their petals in each cleft,  
And on the spangled floor the wreck  
    The pearly nautilus had left.

And fairy fountains in the sea,  
    She saw the live sponge playing there,  
And passing, sighed for very joy  
    Of life and beauty everywhere.

## THE UNDER LIFE

Long since into those pleasant depths  
Swam lightly forth the new-born sponge,  
Glad of his life far underneath  
The long wave's melancholy plunge.

The suckling of the generous flood,  
Freely he went, till when the ledge  
Splintered and shelled he made him fast  
Where many currents swept the edge.

Their heavy folds his kindred swayed  
Dreamily round his dwelling-place,  
Lifted their golden cups, and wove  
Their fragile fans of rosy lace.

And drawing in and out the streams  
Of the life-laden sea, he fed,  
His silken fibres spun, and all  
His tissues filled and overspread.

Doubtless he felt fate's perfect flower  
Bloomed there in his dim growth and dense :  
No phantom came to give him dream  
Of more through any unborn sense.

Yet, in the gloom of chasing clouds,  
Through all his labyrinthine ways,  
He yearned toward light, unsunned by gleam  
Of lovelier life, of wider ways.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

What wider ways for him, indeed,  
Till æons swept his type along ?  
Blind, blind to lovelier life, and deaf  
To whisper of an ordered song.

His powers, the shadow of his needs,  
Answered no touch of outer storms,  
No sound of slipping keels above,  
No light of over-leaning forms.

And nothing sketched on his dark wont  
Hint of the rower's rhythmic grace,  
Hint of the child that o'er him shed  
The lovely shining of her face, —

She, fairer than the dawn in bloom,  
The blue of heaven within her eye,  
Her hair like sunshine, and delight  
Of conscious being in her sigh.

The ripple swelled, light fell the oar,  
Her hand trailed where the bubbles swim ;  
She passed — the dull sponge never knew  
That such a being smiled on him !

## THE STORY OF THE FLOWER

A SPOTLESS thing enough, they said,  
The drift, perchance, from foreign lands,  
Washed in atop of mighty tides  
And lightly left along the sands.

## THE STORY OF THE FLOWER

Was it the treasure of some shell ?  
Some islander's forgotten bead ?  
A wave-worn polyp from the reef ?  
The gardener said, " It is a seed."

" Bury it," said he, " in the soil.  
The earth will quicken here, as there,  
With vital force ; — so fair the seed,  
The blossom must be wondrous fair ! "

Ah, woe, to lose the ample breath  
Of the salt wastes ! To see no more  
The sacrifice of morning burn  
And blot the stars from shore to shore.

Ah, woe, to go into the dark !  
Was it for this, the buoyant slide  
Up the steep surge, the flight of foam,  
The great propulsion of the tide ?

To lose the half-developed dream  
Of unknown powers, the bursting throes  
Of destinies to be fulfilled,  
And go into the dark — ah, woe !

But the mould closed above the seed  
Relentlessly ; and still as well  
All life went on ; the warm winds blew ;  
The strong suns shone ; the soft rains fell.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Whether he slept, or waited there  
Unconscious, after that wild pang, —  
Who knows? There came to him at last  
A sense as if some sweet voice sang;

As if, throughout the universe,  
Each atom were obeying law  
In tuneful order. In his heart  
He felt the same deep music draw.

And one sharp thrill of tingling warmth  
Divided him; as if the earth  
Throbbed through him all her stellar might  
With the swift pulse of some new birth.

Up the long spirals of his stems  
What currents coming from afar,  
What blessedness of being broke, —  
Was he a blossom or a star?

Wings like their own the great moths thought  
His pinions rippling on the breeze, —  
Did ever a king's banner stream  
With such resplendent stains as these?

Over what honey and what dew  
His fragrant gossamers uncurled!  
Forgotten be that seed's poor day,  
Free, and a part of this high world!

## THE HOLY LAND

A world of winds, and showers aslant,  
With gauzy rainbows everywhere,  
Cradled in silken sunshine, rocked  
In skies full of delicious air !

Ah, happy world, where all things live  
Creatures of one great law, indeed ;  
Bound by strong roots, the splendid flower, —  
Swept by great seas, the drifting seed !

## THE HOLY LAND

**A**RE they still there — those solemn shapes,  
Those mountains swimming in the light,  
The rainbow pulsing in the cloud,  
The torrent tumbling from the height ?

Ah, many a twilight when I heard  
My mother lingeringly repeat  
Their legends, in my childish mind  
I put the shoes from off my feet.

Over the plain of Mamre then  
In lovely awe I softly went,  
At night I spelled the stars, at noon  
Sat in the doorway of the tent.

Through cloven pass, down flying lines,  
In fire and cloud, in storm and stress,  
I wandered with the tribes across  
The desert of the wilderness.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

I saw the tabernacle then  
Its blue and scarlet curtains blow ;  
And came in Zif, the blossom month,  
Upon the palms of Jericho.

I trembled at the answering call  
From Ebal and from Gerizim ;'  
Far in the temple stood beneath  
Vast silent golden cherubim.

The high-priest's bells and pomegranates  
Made me a sweet and happy din,  
And from the porch I heard the blast  
Of trumpets blow the new moon in.

How fair the mountains where the maids  
Went mourning four days in the year,  
While haply from the farther slopes  
White bulls of Bashan bellowed clear !

Sweet the high pastures where one cried,  
While the great stars fell back in flame,  
'Lift up your heads, ye gates !' and song  
Through the blue blaze of morning came.

The fire fell low ; I felt the thrill  
Of viewless messengers, the room  
Grew dark, and Hermon's dome of snow  
Broke forth and glistened in the gloom.

## THE HOLY LAND

Gathered the dews, the trickling brooks  
Ran down, and swollen with many streams,  
By purpling peaks, by valley fords,  
The Jordan rolled across my dreams.

He came, the Shepherd of the Sheep,  
Who knew all sorrow that there is,  
And up and down the land I went,  
My little hand fast held in his.

And sometimes from Bethesda's pool  
A slow still angel stepped to me,  
And sometimes all the air returned  
The perfume poured at Bethany.

And out of shores of far delight,  
Bringing great dream, great memory,  
I saw the stars come trembling down  
Into the Sea of Galilee.

Gray were the leaves of Olivet,  
And wet Gethsemane's dark sod,  
And love and tears went all his way,  
Or were he man or were he God !

And still for me, in other light,  
In finer air, by morn or even,  
A place of dream, the Holy Land  
Hangs midway between earth and heaven.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

### THE LEPERS

*H*AS fortune found you out too late,  
With none to enter on your state ?  
Has love saluted you while death  
Hovers to snatch the failing breath ?  
Or joy come only when the will  
To welcome him is numbed and still,  
And all the senses at their close  
Are withered as last summer's rose ?

---

There were four lepers at the Gate,  
All day they sat and cursed their fate.  
For them there were no woman's smiles,  
No children's lips and joyous wiles ;  
No blush of maiden, and no hand  
To soothe the ail, flower-soft and bland ;  
An aching blotch upon the scene,  
They veiled their lips and cried, “ Unclean ! ”

Beneath the walls in sullen pride  
The hostile camp stretched far and wide,  
The pomp and power of Syria's crown  
Beleaguering the royal town,  
Till in the dark streets, day by day,  
The King met Famine, gaunt and gray ; —  
Mothers were mad and sucklings died —  
“ Hunger is king, not I ! ” he cried.

“ Come ! ” said the lepers. “ Let us go  
And try the mercy of the foe.

## THE LEPERS

There is no food within the town —  
We can but die if we go down —  
And here we surely die.” And slow  
Down to the camp the lepers go,  
Perchance a crust to find, perchance  
Wine that should make their thick blood dance.

The twilight ebbed to purple dark —  
How still the great plain lay, and hark!  
These captains, used to war’s alarms,  
How sound they sleep upon their arms !  
Nor asses bray, nor stallions stamp,  
There is no breath in all the camp ;  
Struck with tumultuous fright, the host  
Has vanished like a morning ghost !

But as the headlong press took wings,  
Smote by the fear of Desert Kings  
Helping Samaria, where they flung  
The golden vessels there they rung  
Still vibrant ; silver armor shone  
Like moonbeams on the stream ; a throne  
Wanted this purple ; and these gems  
Were snatched from princes’ diadems.

The lepers halt them there alone —  
The gleaming treasure is their own !  
They hug the jewelled vase ; they seize  
The splendid raiment as they please.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Till suddenly, with burning eyes,  
Each stares in terrible surprise —  
Stained, stained with their eternal soil,  
They are four lepers in the spoil !

### SONG AND THE PROPHET'S SOUL

**T**HEN cried the King of Judah to the others —  
The three swart kings shaken with shuddering  
fear —  
“ What is the Lord's will with our way, O  
Brothers !  
Is there no prophet here ? ”  
“ Alas ! ” the youth a-fire with power, a-shiver  
With outland gems, had wailed, “ The Lord  
this three  
Hath called together that he might deliver  
Them to their enemy ! ”  
For fast on the bright edge of bitter battle,  
Out of red Edom, Edom the accurst,  
In the dry torrent-beds the hosts, the cattle,  
Were perishing of thirst.

---

A blaze of wrath and doom, the waiting prophet  
Towered o'er the rock-rent valley. “ Ask,”  
he cried,  
“ The seers of the Sidonian woman of it,  
Who at the Kishon died ! ”  
For like great seas beneath the horned moon dark-  
ening,

## SONG AND THE PROPHET'S SOUL

The man of God felt all his spirit swell,  
The son of the Phœnician princess hearkening —  
That fierce Queen Yzabel !  
“ As the Lord liveth, but for Judah pressing,  
Maker of gods, I would not look toward thee !  
Yet for his sake — if sooth there be a blessing —  
The minstrel bring to me ! ”

---

The minstrel played. And with the harp's wide  
ringing  
Surely that moment was a marvel wrought,  
Seraphic credence in serene flight winging  
The prophet's Heaven-domed thought.

There swept the camel-train, the while he listened,  
Bearing the ancient Priest of the Most High  
Where the long lances of the desert glistened  
Coming from victory, —  
Without descent, and having no beginning  
Nor end of life, who brought the bread and  
wine  
To the young chief fresh from his battle-winning,  
In sacramental sign.

There crossed the angels, climbing and descending  
The shining ladder leaning on a flame ; —  
There one in darkness with the Lord pretending  
Wrestled and overcame.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

There under crystal wall and crested hollow  
Swings out the sea-way sundered bare and broad,  
And he who leads where all the pale press follow  
In Horeb spoke with God.  
Plunge on, plunge on, ye golden wheels, ye horses !  
Pharaoh and princes, drown in the deep sea !  
The green wave curls above your sunken corses,  
My host pass over free !

Then throng the captains, blustering banners blowing,  
All the great fathers of innumerable lines,  
Long breathe the horns, hosannas heavenward throwing,  
And the Shekinah shines !  
Close to the skies they range ; by morn and even  
Companion God ! For them the lightnings smite,  
For them the suns stand still ! They fight from  
Heaven,  
Stars in their courses fight !

Soft flows the tune. And all along the mountains  
With strangely sweet sufficing songs and wild,  
The white-scarfed virgins tell the shadowy fountains  
The wrong of Galaad's child.

Soft ! for he hears the women drawing water  
And singing at the well, " Spring up, O well ! "  
The deep, cool well — the mother sings, the  
daughter,  
Through peaceful Israel.

## SONG AND THE PROPHET'S SOUL

Soft ! for about the flock what clear strains dally  
And soar on skimming mists, where listening far  
Over the blue bloom of the midnight valley  
Trembles the wandering star !  
Soft, soft ! The beautiful boy-shepherd only  
Answer these echoes from the mountain-wall,  
Low the unwilling lion far and lonely,  
And the dark soul of Saul.

How full it throbs, with such luxurious warble  
They heard in Tadmor in the Wilderness,  
Stretched upon ivory couches, empire's bauble  
Lavished on loveliness !

Sound low, sound hoarse, O melody of sorrow !  
As sheep that have no shepherd, scattered wide,  
Homeless my people stray some sad to-morrow  
Far from their country-side.

Swell, then, with Miriam's timbrel, silver-clashing,  
With Ehud's clarion, with Deborah's chant !  
Sword of the Lord and Gideon, once more flashing,  
The flying desert daunt !  
Swell, hymn of joy ! The men of war, the peerless,  
Loom through the cloud — Manoah's son, the  
vast,  
And he that hewed the Anakim, and fearless  
Shamgar, that thunderblast !  
And the three mighty men who plunged down  
straightway

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Through the dark foe, when the King said to them,  
“ Oh that one gave me water from the gateway  
And well of Bethlehem ! ”  
And he, the mightiest, whose arms have broken  
The bow of steel, in whose tremendous clasp  
The giant's brand is light, who holds in token  
The kingdoms in his grasp !  
Strong rings thy sword, thou fair of eyes and  
splendid !  
Stronger thy voice, and sweeter rings than strong,  
Thou where the Spirit of the Lord descended  
When the heavens dropped with song !

Hath any god such men as this great seven,  
These godlike in the strength of their desires ?  
Hath Ishtar, with her blossom-moons in Heaven,  
Hath Bel with all his fires ?  
Swell, O supreme, O song in thy glad fitness,  
Thy stormy joys, thy heart-dissolving pains !  
Long since, the Lord commanded thee a witness  
On Moab's awful plains !  
The Lord who came from Sinai, our Defender,  
Who rose from Seir, and out of Paran shined,  
In his right hand a fiery law whose splendor  
Dazzled the heathen blind !

Break, break, ye furthest skies ! Lo, flashing, rending,  
The Chariot and the horsemen ! And the hand  
Of the Lord laid on me, all song transcending —  
Go ! And possess the land !

---

## TWO ANGELS

Fallen was the music. Still the jubilant story  
Sang on there as the wind sang through the  
strings,  
And into spaces flushed with solemn glory  
Gazed the three silent kings —  
Gazed and beheld, in conquering alliance,  
Foreshadow of burnt-offering's crimson pall,  
Where the beleaguered slew in mad defiance  
His firstborn on the wall,  
And gazing saw the clouds drip blood and ashes —  
The awful likeness of a funeral pyre —  
The heart of Heaven burst in monstrous flashes —  
A soul go up in fire !

## TWO ANGELS

**T**WO angels out of darkness born,  
All unaware of bloom or scathe,  
Hung on the outer edge of morn, —  
And one was Doubt, and one was Faith.

Doubt spread his gray and mighty plume  
Beyond the bounds of space and night,  
And round dim depths and gulfs of gloom  
Swept with an ever-circling flight.

But Faith, with eyes that only knew  
Immeasurable light above,  
Sprang upward through the quivering blue  
And rested in the heart of Love.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

### BY NIGHT

She leaned out into the midnight,  
And the summer wind went by,  
The scent of the rose on its silken wing  
    And a song its sigh.

Deep in the tarn the mountain  
    A mighty phantom gleamed,  
Shadow and silver the floating cloud  
    Over it streamed.

And, in depths below, the waters  
    Answered some mystic height,  
As a star stooped out of the depths above  
    With its lance of light.

And she thought, in the dark and the fragrance,  
    How vast was the wonder wrought  
If the sweet world were but the beauty born  
    In its Maker's thought.

And up from the tarn and its phantom  
    Wandered her weary glance  
Where that star, as the awful ranks wheeled by,  
    Held its shining lance.

And a sudden sweetness of sorrow  
    From the far lone whip-poor-will  
Touched her to tears, while she searched those  
    depths,  
Cavernous — still.

## A WEED

Was there love in those infinite spaces?  
Was there life for the life dropped here?  
Oh, what was the way to the life and love  
Of that unknown sphere!

Then star over star stood marshalled,  
White splendor beyond them broke,  
And a door was opened in heaven there  
While she blindly spoke.

And a gladness dearer than dreaming  
Filled the heart that was sad and sore,  
And almost she heard a murmuring voice,  
“I am the Door.”

## A WEED

I AM so small on this great scale  
Of moons and suns and cosmic ways,  
I am so poor in all that rears  
The treasure of transcendent days,  
I am so stained if any see  
The shrinking soul in heaven's white blaze!

So small, alas, so poor, so stained,—  
What glance that meets the idle soul  
Can linger there with least delight,  
Nor spurn it with a beggar's dole?  
Can heavenly help to feed it flow,  
Can heavenly love about it roll?

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

And going sadly on my way  
A little flower looks up at me,  
A worthless weed beside the path,  
That has no honey for the bee,  
Nor any beauty that the eye,  
The thrall of beauty, waits to see.

Because I am as worthless too,  
I pluck the thing that has no use  
Nor loveliness. Its fainting breath  
Makes for a moment half excuse —  
Lo, the precision of its lines  
Star orbits to a leaf reduce !

Over its face the twilight tints  
Are painted, evening skies less fair.  
How lightly swept the master-hand  
To make that petal melt in air !  
What subtle thought was crowded here,  
How exquisite the procreant care !

The golden eye of day is not  
More golden than its heart set free !  
What spent itself on this small flower ?  
What sends its brief felicity ?  
What lavish to a worthless weed  
Shall not as lavish be to me !

## SCRIPTURE

### SCRIPTURE

A GAINST the sky the frolic spray  
Tossing a mesh of twinkling lines ;  
Buds, where at dewy dawn of day  
The inner dream of color shines ;  
Heaven midmost of the forest dells  
Painted within the lake's deep cup ;  
The glamour where the dim sea swells  
And lets the moon swim slowly up ;  
The blowing showers that slip and go,  
The azure shadows of the snow,  
The mist that drifts by cliffs and scars,  
The great processional of stars,  
Write me the blazon everywhere,  
On blue and interfluent air,  
Lustre of leaf and sheen of sod,  
That beauty is the thought of God.

The morning murmur of the bees —  
The hum of wing and sunshine blent ;  
The summer wind among the trees  
In happy fulness of content ;  
Music of dying thunders' roll  
Down cloudy gulf and cloven shelf ;  
Echo, sweet Echo, like a soul  
Singing, still singing, to herself ;  
The undefined and air-drawn spells,  
At evenfall, of distant bells ;  
That white flower blown in dark and hush —  
Song only, and the hermit thrush ;

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

The winding horn, the subtler tune  
Of fluting voices, read the rune,  
With wash of wave and thrill of clod,  
That beauty is the thought of God.

The pristine innocence that meets  
Pure passion with a darkling kiss,  
And in his purple mantle fleets  
Down islands of immortal bliss ;  
The smiles that on the hurt thing fall  
As tenderly as dove's wings furl  
About their nestling ; and withal  
The pity lying like a pearl  
Deep in the heart ; the strength that yearns  
In mothers, and in heroes burns ;  
The love that lives for love — that dies ;  
The awful joy of sacrifice ;  
Inform the answering consciousness —  
As white fire through the starry press  
Of heaven runs with silence shod —  
That beauty is the thought of God.

## CLAIRVOYANCE

**D**ARK the shadows close round my sad spirit,  
Encamped in their terrible power,  
Encamped like an army besetting  
Some desolate tower.  
There is naught, my soul murmurs, but sorrow, —  
What eager endeavor shall dare

## CLAIRVOYANCE

These shadows that raise their fell standard  
To mantle the air,  
Blown out by the black breath of boding  
Of death and despair.

Then suddenly into the darkness,  
Like the northern lights' radiance, streams  
The tale that I read in my childhood,  
That swept through my dreams,  
With cohorts of angels, and squadrons  
Of stars with their spears all one way,  
Fading out in a wan and white splendor  
At the gray break of day,  
Half guessed in the lustre of noon tide,  
Half glimpsed in my play.

For, behold, the great prophet was lying  
Hid away in the dim city's bound,  
And the Syrian King sent the Captains  
To compass him round,  
With the strong men of war, and their chariots,  
And the host of the horsemen and foot,  
The treasure of scarlet, the slave girls  
With shawm and with flute,  
The bowmen, the slingers, the lances  
In flashing pursuit.

How fair lay the land as the evening  
Shed there its sighing surcease,  
And night-fall and dew-fall had spread there  
The purple of peace.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

How sweet the song rose from the housetop,  
    The tinkle far off from the fold,  
While in dim depths all star-sown the mountain  
    Still soared rose and gold.  
What hush lay beneath the dark rampart,  
    What balm the breeze rolled !

But when sunrise struck up from the deserts  
    A ray like the blade of a sword,  
Whose crests were these set to salute it,  
    Whose tents were this horde,  
And wet with the morning whose banners,  
    That light winds went ruffling, were they,  
Whose javelins, whose shields, still pressed forward,  
    Whose cries rent their way  
Through the glitter and tumult to vanquish  
    One man old and gray !

Then the youth who was staff to the seer  
    Fared forth in the fresh early hour,  
And his heart burst within him confronting  
    The Assyrian power.  
But the clear-seeing prophet cried, " Fear not !  
    For they that be with us are more  
Than they that be with them ! " And praying,  
    Bade turn him where frore  
All the dells and the horns of the mountain  
    With dew were yet hoar.

## THE HEAVENLY CAMP

There the opaline cloud slowly lifting,  
The rock darkly dripping, and there —  
Lo, the chariots of fire ! Lo, a mightier  
Encampment lay bare !  
Shod with lightning, and clothed with the thunder,  
The horse reared, and poised for vast flight,  
Troops of stars on their spear-heads, receding  
In infinite light,  
Archangels in phalanx of glory  
Burned silent and white.

The chariots of fire, and the horsemen !  
Shall the lad in his innocence see  
The help of the hills, and shall nature  
Deny it to me ?  
Oh, shadows that close round my spirit  
In the clefts of the rocks haste and hide !  
For me, too, the mountain is trembling  
Where heaven's hosts abide,  
Great forces are thrilling and arming, —  
God fights on my side !

## THE HEAVENLY CAMP

**A**CROSS the open window blows  
The languorous breathing of the rose,  
The young moon drops its ruddy spark  
Behind the wood, and all is dark.  
Through dreamy hush the river goes,  
The purple opens as it flows,  
And larger heavens their depths disclose.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Forth in the night I fare, while slow  
The still translucent spaces grow  
Out of their midnight bloom, as clear  
As one great jewel, sphere o'er sphere,  
Till tender splendors shed their glow  
Far off and infinite, as though  
They veiled some unknown country so.

Fain would my wish the seas explore  
That break upon that farther shore  
In silent thunders, and immerse  
From universe to universe  
My being, till at last I pour  
My love, my longing out before  
The Love that lives forevermore.

The swift dawn comes, a rosy flare,  
And shuts me with my hope, my care,  
In the dear world of glancing dew,  
Of blossom-bough and velvet blue.  
Yet yonder hangs diviner air,  
And all day long I breathe aware  
The country of the Lord is there.

## EQUATIONS

**Y**OU so sure the world is full of laughter,  
Not a place in it for any sorrow,  
Sunshine with no shadow to come after —

Wait, O mad one, wait until to-morrow !

## THE STAR IN THE EAST

You so sure the world is full of weeping,  
Only gloom in all the colors seven,  
Every wind across a new grave creeping—  
Think, O sad one, yesterday was heaven !

Young and strong I went along the highway,  
Seeking Joy from happy sky to sky ;  
I met Sorrow coming down a byway,—  
What had she to do with such as I ?

Sorrow with a slow detaining gesture  
Waited for me on the widening way,  
Threw aside her shrouding veil and vesture,—  
Joy had turned to Sorrow's self that day !

If some great giver give me life,  
And give me love, and give me double,  
Shall I not also at his hand  
Take trouble ?

And if through awful gloom I see  
The lightnings of his great will thrusting,  
Shall I not, dying at his hand,  
Die trusting ?

## THE STAR IN THE EAST

FROM hoary kingdoms of all ancientness,  
Led by a Star they came,—  
A Star that dimmed the lustre of the heavens  
Shaking their fleece of flame !

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

A splendid caravan, from desert depths  
They flashed their royal way ;  
Gold wrought, in all strange charactery and gems  
Their housings caught the ray.

The shining stallions arched their necks and rang  
Their jewelled bridle-reins ;  
The stately camels stretched like monoliths  
Their shadows on the plains.

Treasure of perfumes and of precious stones  
Weighed them, and wondrous web  
Of scarlet cloths woven at the wane of moon  
And at the great sea's ebb ;

And oils, and gums, the ooze of sacred trees  
In sun-imprisoning flecks,  
And in their lamps the fire not once relit  
Since priest Melchizedek's.

There little Melchior, King of Nubia, came  
With gold to signify  
Possession of the empire of the earth  
And kingship's prophecy.

And Chaldea's monarch, the old Balthazar,  
Brought incense, for a sign  
That prayer and praise should find divinity  
In manger or in shrine.

## THE STAR IN THE EAST

But Jasper, black, and of a mighty make,  
And of rich Tarshish king,  
Brought neither gold nor incense, but brought  
myrrh,  
For human suffering.

And with them, and before them, the great Star,  
That up the eastern coasts,  
Outstripping comets and white-bearded orbs,  
Came leading heaven's hosts.

While all black art of dark astrology,  
With incantations gray  
That signs and zodiacs trembled to regard,  
Showed where the young child lay, —

The young child, who, not yet a fortnight old,  
Among the oxen slept,  
Where angels hung upon a drooping wing,  
And all the sweet watch kept.

Chiefs of old heathenry, how long, how far,  
They journeyed on their quest !  
What tribute and what treasure did they bring  
To greet the holy guest !

What costly travel and what toilsome march  
Were theirs, too, — that great press  
Which followed on the way the Magi led  
Up from the wilderness !

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

But we, on whom for twice a thousand years  
The Star in the East has shone,—  
What hard road do we tread with tender feet  
To make the truth our own ?

Up from what deserts do we hotly spur  
To consecrate our King ?  
To God, in Christ or in Humanity,  
What tribute do we bring ?

We look on the immensity of space,  
And count all creeds a song ;  
We let the dungeoned prisoner write in blood  
The story of his wrong.

So we but lose no bubble of the wine,  
In the rose crush no sting,  
We care not for the pierced divinity, —  
We crown the senses King !

Brief empery, that with the bubble breaks,  
With the rose falls ! whose slaves .  
Shall revel then but with the loathly worm  
And the dark fruit of graves !

Dart forth your white and awful light, O Star,  
Wither this King to dross !  
Lead us a path like that once trod the feet  
Were nailed upon a cross !

## PHILLIPS BROOKS

# JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

D YING, he dreamed he entertained a King.  
He opened wide those wondrous eyes that  
burned  
With heaven's own lightning, all his thought con-  
cerned  
To greet the royal presence. Not that thing  
Of mortal birth, and for a moment crowned  
Within a gemmy bauble's glittering bound,  
But One for whom gates sempiternal swing,  
But One the lifting of whose deathless wing  
Disclosed the Infinite toward which he yearned.

O poet ! you who saw, O spirit strong,  
Beyond the walls of sense, as they whose sight  
Is interpenetrate with quickening light,  
Who caught the meaning of seraphic song  
And made it earthly music, born of sound,  
Far, and more ancient than the rosy round  
Of morning, you indeed saw Sovereign Might  
Fill all your dying chamber with delight  
And lead you to the realm where you belong !

## PHILLIPS BROOKS

**P**ERHAPS we do not know how much of God  
Was walking with us.Surely not forlorn  
Are men, when such great overflow of heaven  
Brings down the light of the eternal morn

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Into the earth's deep shadows, where they plod,  
The slaves of sorrow.

Something of divine

Was in his nature, open to the source  
Of love, that master of primeval force,  
As, answering freshly their unfailing sign,  
To the early and the latter rain the sod  
Lies bare, and drinking in by morn and even  
The precious dews that lift it into flower  
Distilled again in fragrance every hour.

I think if Jesus, whom he loved as Lord,  
Were here again, in such guise might He go,  
So bind all creeds as with a golden cord,  
So with the saint speak, with the sinner so.  
And then remembering all the torrent's rush  
Of praise and blessing o'er the listening hush,  
Remembering the lightning of the glance,  
Remembering the lifted countenance  
White with the prophet's glory that it wore,  
With the Holy Spirit shining through the clay,  
Prophet — yea, I say unto you, and more  
Than a prophet was with us but yesterday!

## THE KNIGHT OF PENTECOST

**P**RONE as he lay before the dim, high altar,  
No strain of any solemn prayer or psalter  
Disquieted the stillness of the night ;  
No long roll of the organ's golden thunder,  
No voices, keyed to sweet and joyous wonder,  
Fled like a flight of angels into light.

## THE KNIGHT OF PENTECOST

The painted panes of the rose-window sparkled  
A moment, as some cold star shone and darkled,  
And awful shadows filled the vaulted space.  
Prone on the flint he lay and kept his vigil,  
All his soul waiting for the sign and sigil  
That should appoint him to his knightly place.

Nor sound nor silence, light nor dark, he noted.  
Up from the under-world the slow moon floated,  
And looked upon the trance that held him  
there ;  
With half her snowy glimmer stooped and wrapped  
him :  
Naught knew he of the gracious bloom that lapped  
him ;  
He waited flame more glorious, sight more fair.

Far, far, the night swept on through deeps un-  
broken,  
While his thought, seeking the supremest token,  
Mounted among unknown infinitudes,  
Where still beyond his dreaming or his seeing  
The Soul that fills the universe with being  
Above all calm, above all tumult, broods.

As if a star burst, with a clang of warning  
The great bell tolled the holy hour of morning :  
No blessed chrism had found him where he lay.  
He rose like one long worn with weary marches,  
And, passing underneath the heavy arches,  
He came out to the open break of day.

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Wide, wide, the wash of the free air was flowing,  
And high the soft gray flower of dawn was blowing,  
Fresh, fresh, the dewy wind that sighed and ceased !  
Into eternal heavens the heaven was lifting,  
Light, radiant light, across the world was sifting,  
The fire burned on the altar of the east.

Not in the dark the tongue of flame came leaping  
Upon his lips, across his forehead sweeping ;  
Not prostrate in great glooms of temple shade :  
But while he gazed, one only with his Master,  
In deathless circles swelling vast and vaster,  
The dawn, swift-sworded, flashed his accolade.

Glory of argent space all space ensphering !  
Sweeter than sound a voice surpassed his hearing !  
Close on his heart he felt great pulses swim !  
He knew not as he stood there, trembling, yearning,  
All heaven about him in that moment burning,  
That spirits came and ministered to him.

Weapons of skyey temper had they wrought him,  
Deific armor from afar they brought him,  
And bound it on with touches swift and fine.  
There stood the good steed ready for his guiding,  
Through the dark places of the sad land riding,  
Light for the watchword, Love the countersign.

## THE PRAYER OF IBN GEBIROL

A mighty shape, scarfed with the sun uprisen,  
Where tears distilled, where spirits were in prison,  
    Where doubt went groping, and where dolor lay,  
Where in despairing death the dying languished,  
Wherever sin, wherever suffering anguished,  
    He in their service took his shining way.

And soaring, an aerial apparition,  
Ever before him hung a splendid vision,  
    Where, far within the sapphire crystalline,  
Unstained by wrong, unspotted by a sorrow,  
The sweet earth floated in a gleaming morrow,  
    And joy welled through it from the heart divine.

Full of the word that made the sunlit weather,  
Full of the strength that holds the stars together,  
    White with the whiteness of the Holy Ghost,  
By all the forces of the day surrounded,  
Then rode he forth, his trump of onset sounded,  
    All sacrosanct, a Knight of Pentecost.

## THE PRAYER OF IBN GEBIROL

**B**EN YEHUDAH IBN GEBIROL prayed  
this prayer:  
Master of many mysteries, him they named  
The Keeper of the Kabbalah, and all  
The Secret Writing of the Law; who spoke  
With the vast djinns confederate about  
The ivory throne of Solomon the King

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Unseen in the prodigious splendor there ;  
Who with his finger drew the awful lines,  
The spherulite ways, down which archangels run  
Upon their mighty errands.

Such strange things —  
White magic were they, or the scathe of the brain  
Long cramped in midnight poring over signs  
At which the scorpion from his cranny gazed  
As at his kindred — did men say of him.  
But we, forsooth, we know not. All we know  
Is that the thought, outsoaring such device  
As the great heaven outsoars the gossamer,  
Was his who in one glory of white light  
Transfused the many colors of many creeds  
While uttering this ascription, prayer, and praise :

Thou art God, he said, and all the living things  
Upon this ball that swings in hoary space,  
Or that live otherwhere, thy servants are.  
And being God, essence of excellence,  
Source of all life, soul of the beautiful, —  
O sacred soul of souls and life of life,  
O dearer than the dearness of delight, —  
Felt in the dewy darks of dawn before  
The rose flowers out in heaven ; when north  
winds cry  
Where the white wonder of the waning moon  
Rides high through lonely midnights ; when the  
storms  
Hiss in the sea, and hide in shrouded snows ;  
Felt in the starry gulfs through which the thought

## THE PRAYER OF IBN GEBIROL

Sails in meridian ; felt in the mere joy  
Of being alive ; and truly when Death smiles,  
And reaches forth a strong and tender hand,  
No less felt,— thou art God, — and, being God,  
All things are thy adorers.

In no wise

Thy majesty is lessened should they call  
On other names than thine — seeming to adore  
Other than thou, in midst of blinding light,  
Phrah in his fire, or Om within his dream,  
Or any precious phantasm that for them  
Holds godhead as the jewel holds the spark —  
Since all their aim entirely is to come  
Nearer to thee, and only thee, and lose  
Sense — ay, and self — within the whelming seas  
Where broods thy prime, where brims thy blessed-  
ness.

If their way lead to Isis with her lily  
Seeking the way herself through glimmering dark,  
'T is thou. And if to She'keenah, 't is thou.  
If to the immanent divine in man,  
And if to the white Christ upon his cross,  
Through all, and over all, and under all,  
'T is thou.

What seek they but thy sweetness ? What  
But rest upon thy power, — to feel in them  
The rushing of thy life ? Are they not thine ?  
With thy clear currents of immortal joy  
Drown out in them all that is less than thou,  
As morning drowns sky-deep the beacon star  
Where with wild lightnings wash the lucid tides,

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Leaping and shoaling when the day has laid  
His beams upon the waters.

Near or far,  
Seek they not God? I said. And thou art God!

Thus, in the dark hot Spanish night long since,  
While the white moth about his candle flew  
And fluttered out into the larger light  
Where the red moon rose in the gap of the hills,  
Ben Yehudah Ibn Gebirol paused a space,  
As point by point he glossed the mystery  
Within the ten Sephiroth, murmuring  
The moving music of this joyous cry.

## THE WANDERERS

**A**LL in the middle night, across the crystal  
hollow of the dark,  
Before the black pines' tempest-torn gigantic  
glooms remembered morn,  
Heard I, indeed, strange music toss and beat  
about the winds? And, hark,  
Were there no sweet and piercing cries, was  
there no echo of a horn?

For what a glorious company hung out of heaven  
before me there,  
As, leaning forth, along the height I caught the  
glitter of their flight!

## THE WANDERERS

From depths of termless mystery what shapes were  
these trooped down the air  
Shooting white fire abroad, and clear their  
splendor streaming on the night ?

His casque whose ruby led the field was it then  
Mars that swept and gazed ?  
In gleaming gauzes veiled about were these the  
Pleiades looked out ?  
On corselet, belt, and sword, and shield, Orion's  
breathing diamonds blazed ?  
White and majestic, Sirius followed upon the  
mighty rout ?

And slowly out of dusky space, one, stately, coming  
from afar,  
The fulness of some golden chord marking the  
measure of his ward,  
The whole of heaven upon his face, was it the  
bright and morning star,  
Was it but Lucifer that wore the lustre of the  
living Lord ?

Or were they, bound in vaster flight, Magnificent  
Existences,  
For firmaments of unknown sky, that paused a  
moment fleeting by  
The dark and dreaming earth that night ? I only  
know, beholding these,  
Held not my hand a Mightier Hand, an atom of  
the dust were I !

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

### THE TOURNEY

#### I

THE bugles sung, the banners threw  
Their rippling shadows to and fro,  
Forward the knights and horses dashed,  
Thundered the earth, and armor clashed  
In mighty tune, as on they flew,  
As they flew on to meet the foe.  
And one in golden cuisses flashed,  
And round his voice the echoes pealed,  
And with his visor up one wheeled,  
And splendidly his beauty bloomed,  
And one had roses wet with dew  
About his crest, and like the snow  
Blown from some peak within the blue  
One scarf was with the morning plumed,  
And Youth, and Love, and Hope, and Song,  
And Joy, and Faith, a gallant crew,  
Swift as the arrow from the bow,  
Unfaltering they swept along  
And cast themselves upon the foe !  
And clear they called and bade him yield  
Who in his vast, black silence loomed,  
And on his steadfast strength they crashed  
Full cry, without a dream of dread,  
And swords were broke, and bucklers gashed  
And lances splintered on his shield  
And spun like sleet, and riders reeled,  
And fetlock-deep in blood they plashed,  
And Youth went down, and no hand steeled

## THE TOURNEY

The heart of Hope, and no hand healed  
His mortal hurt, and Love was dead,  
And Song was fallen, and Faith had fled, —  
And Death was master of the field !

### II

THEN Death his helmet laid aside,  
And with imperial lustre shined  
The countenance but half-divined.  
I had no quarrel with their pride, —  
They were so beautiful, he sighed.  
They would not have me to their friend,  
Poor fools, or they had never died !  
Poor children of the dark, and blind,  
Who could not guess the smile I hide,  
Nor borrow of the strength I lend.  
Had they struck hands with me, in truth,  
Love had immortal been, and Youth.  
And Faith should still the stars ascend  
To farther stars. And tenting there  
The skies had bent round Joy. Alas,  
With their own brand they laid them low !  
Now they are ashes, let them go  
On that light wind shall chance to pass  
Where they lie trodden in the grass.  
They were a feeble folk, forsooth !  
Forget they ever were so fair,  
Forget they breathed the lightsome air,  
And let my wailing trumpets blow  
It was not Death that was their foe !

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

### O MUSIC

LAST night I heard a harper strike his strings  
all suddenly and sweetly,  
And one sang with him in a voice blown like a  
flute upon the dark,  
And as a bird's wings climb the air, forever palpi-  
tating fleetly,  
The song soared, and I followed it, lost where the  
panting echoes hark.  
The song soared like a living soul in naked beauty  
white and stark,  
Commanding all the powers of tune with solemn  
spells of subtle might,  
A flute, a bird, a living soul, the song swept by  
me in the night !

Commanding all the powers of tune, commanding  
all the powers of being,  
While on the borderland of sleep half lapped in  
dreams my senses stirred,  
Heaven after heaven the strain laid bare, sweet  
secret after secret freeing,  
And all the deeps of music broke about my spirit  
as I heard.  
And past and present were as naught within that  
trance of rapture blurred,  
And heights where white light seethed, and depths  
night-blue and full of singing stars,  
Were mine to tread the while that tune beat out  
the passion of its bars !

## O MUSIC

Then I remembered me of Saul, the young man  
mighty and victorious,  
While towering dark and beautiful anointed on the  
roadside king,  
And over him a fuller chrism streamed sempiter-  
nally and glorious,  
The dew of dawn, the flush of day, that morning  
of an ancient spring.  
And faring silent on his way, he lifted not his voice  
to sing,  
He saw no glow upon the hills, upon the sky he  
saw no bloom,  
Earth was the same old earth to him wrapped in  
the mantle of his gloom.

But when he met along the hill a company of  
prophets hastening,  
Striking psaltery, harp, and tabret, and the pipe's  
breath blowing clear,  
When singing all at once they came, in wild accord  
their music wasting,  
The mountain answering tune for tune with mystic  
voices hovering near,  
With sweet rude clamor storming heaven, with  
faces rapt in holy fear,  
Singing of smoke of sacrifice from altars on the hills  
and scars,  
Singing of power that bends the blue, that holds  
the leashes of the stars, —

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

Then as the measures round him beat and left him  
    thrilling to their gladness,  
A flame swept up and compassed him and burned  
    the withes that bound his might,  
And all his strength, to music set in a swift and  
    sacred madness,  
Broke at his lips in prophecy and filled his dark-  
    ened soul with light.  
For thine, O Music ! child of God, the wings that  
    lift to awful height ;  
The order of the universe is thine, and thine the  
    flight of stars,  
And the soul treads its kingly home but to the  
    passion of thy bars !

## WHEN FIRST YOU WENT

**W**HEN first you went, O desert was the day,  
    The lonely day, and desert was the night,  
And alien was the power that robbed from me  
    The white and starlike beauty of your face,  
The white and starlike splendor of your soul !  
Since you were all of life, I, too, had died,  
Died, not as you into the larger life,  
But into nothingness, had not the thought  
Of your bright being led outward, as a beam  
Piercing the labyrinthine gloom shows light  
Somewhere existing.

Like a golden lure  
Bringing me to the open was the thought, —  
For since I loved you still, you still must be,

## WHEN FIRST YOU WENT

And where you were there I must follow you.  
And follow, follow, follow, cried the winds,  
And follow, follow, murmured all the tides,  
And follow, sang the stars that wove the web  
Of their white orbits far in shining space  
Where Sirius with his dark companion went.  
Bound in the bands of Law they ranged the deep ;  
And Law, I said, means Will to utter Law;  
And Will means One, indeed, to have the Will.  
And having found that One shall it not be  
The One Supreme of all, whose power I prove,  
Whose inconceivable intelligence  
Faintly divine, and who perforce must dwell  
Compact of love the most supreme of all ?  
Had I found God and should I not find you ?

That love supreme will never mock my search.  
That thought accordant in the infinite  
The great flame of your spirit will not quench.  
That power embattled through the universe  
Needs in all firmaments your panoply  
Of stainless purity, of crystal truth,  
Your sympathy that melts into the pang,  
Your blazing wrath with wrong, your tenderness  
To every small or suffering thing, as sweet  
As purple twilight touching throbbing eyes,  
Your answer to great music when it breathes  
Silver and secret speech from sphere to sphere,  
Your thrill before the beauty of the earth,  
Your passion for the sorrow of the race !  
You who in the grey waste of night awoke

## IN TITIAN'S GARDEN

When clashing mill-bells frolicking in air  
Called up the day, and sounded in your ear  
Clank of enormous fetters that have bound  
Labor in all lands ; you whose pity went  
Out on the long swell where the fisherman  
Slides with his shining boat-load in the dark;  
You whom the versed in state-craft paused to hear,  
The sullen prisoner blest, the old man loved,  
The little children ran along beside ;  
You who to women were the Knight of God.  
Therefore as God lives, so I know do you.

And with that knowledge comes a keener joy  
Than blushing, beating, folds young love about.  
Again the sky burns azure, and the stars  
Lean from their depths to tell me of your state.  
Again the sea-line meets the line divine,  
And the surge shatters in wide melody;  
The half-guessed hues that the heart swells to note  
Haunting the rainbow's edges lead me on ;  
And all the dropping dews of summer nights  
Keep measure with the music in my heart.  
And still I climb where you have gone before,  
Unchallenged spirit who enclosed my days  
As in a jewel, walled about with light !  
And far, far off, I seem to see you go  
Familiar of unknown immensity,  
And pass, enlarged to all the rosy vast,  
And boon companion of the dawn in heaven.

THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS BOOK  
CONSISTS OF FIVE HUNDRED COPIES  
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND  
SON, AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS DUR-  
ING MAY M DCCC XCVII



